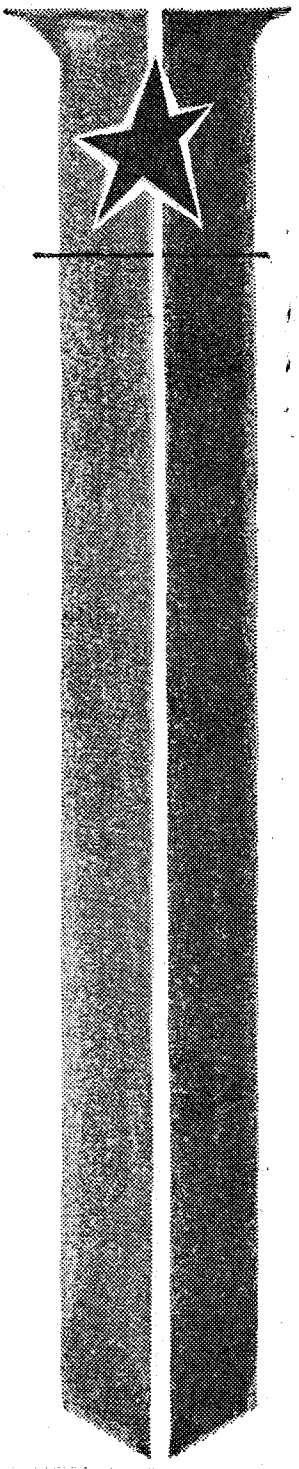
THE CROSSWORD ADDICT: David Cort

THE NATION

JULY 29, 1961 . . 25c



NATO JOINS THE WEHRMACHT

Heinz Pol

Northwest Super-Patriots

NEW RIGHT IN ACTION

Alex Gottfried and Sue Davidson

THE FARMER AND THE COMMISSAR

Rexford Guy Tugwell

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LETTERS

CIA in Cuba

Dear Sirs: In your June 24 special issue, "The CIA," my name was mentioned [p. 565] in connection with an information I gave *The New York Times* regarding our imprisonment by CIA in Guatemala. . . .

In your report it was said that my fellow prisoners and myself were forming our own resistance movement. I have resigned my position as leader of one of the revolutionary organizations, as many other young Cuban political and underground leaders are doing, to join the Cuban Veterans Association of the U.S. Armed Forces (World War II and Korea) as an ordinary member. This is a non-political organization, dedicated to aiding the Cuban underground forces and uniting all Cubans in exile in a military organization that under Cuban authority and directorship will wage the war against communism to free our own country.

Under these conditions we need and want the help of the U.S. and we have faith in the eventual reaction of the American people, the Congress and executive power to the menace of the Cuban situation to the security of the free world. . . . The Communists have succeeded in making believe that Cubans can't overthrow Castro, even if given the proper aid. To foster this belief they give as an example the April 17th invasion, but everyone knows this was not a Cuban but a CIA invasion in which we played only the dying role. . . . DR. RODOLFO NODAL TARAFA
Miami, Fla.

Dear Sirs: The most recent issue of your magazine which has come into my hands is the special report by Fred Cook on the CIA. I would like to commend you, as well as Mr. Cook, for this generally effective piece of work. There are, however, certain items of fact and interpretation relating to Cuba with which I must take serious issue.

First, Mr. Cook speaks of "Castro's increasingly iron dictatorship, his merciless execution of dissidents. . . ." Until January of this year, there were only two crimes punishable by death: Embezzlement of public funds, and acts of sabotage or overt violent acts of counterrevolution (certainly *not* including advocacy, open or otherwise). In January of this year, at the time of the first invasion scare, conspiracy to commit violent acts of sabotage and counterrevolution were also made punishable by death. . . . Unless one is placing a series of ugly charges against the action of the juridical system of Cuba, which have not been substantiated (certainly not in Mr. Cook's article!), one cannot in honesty characterize the persons executed in Cuba since the revolution as simple "dissidents."

Second, it was quite a shock for me to find *The Nation* echoing the mendacious charge of *Time* magazine: i.e., that "The invasion troops stormed ashore and found Castro . . . waiting for them." It is certainly true that Castro anticipated the Big Move, from the simple fact that the CIA bombers had attempted to knock out the Cuban Air Force in the air strike of the "defectors" two days before the invasion. . . . There is no evidence, however, that he knew where the invasion was coming. The first-hand account of residents of the Zapata Swamp, as well as accounts of soldiers who took part in the encounter, attest to the fact that the place of the invasion was a complete surprise. . . .

Third, in discussing the "dubious military tactic" of the invasion, Mr. Cook . . . centers upon the fact that there were only "two narrow, easily defended paths" leading out of the area. The reasoning here seems to be that these 1400 tigers should have been landed at a place where they would have been able to get at Fidel's 100,000 combat-ready *milicianos!* . . . The size of the invading force and the selection of this *easily defended* area as the point of attack indicate clearly the necessary strategy of the campaign: to establish by surprise a foothold on a reasonably large section of land, so as to permit the "exile government" then sequestered in Miami to land on Cuban soil and request American military assistance. . . . If the invaders had been able to hold . . . for two or three days, American aid could have been invoked. . . .
Havana, Cuba L. JONES

German Chestnuts

Dear Sirs: Geoffrey Barraclough's thoughtful "Berlin: Background to Crisis" in *The Nation* of July 15 is a warning that in the "Berlin Question" we are moving very close to the brink. Yet the article is reassuring, too, since the drive to the brink, in Barraclough's words, is still limited "to a few madmen in high places." Madmen in high places we have had before . . . [but] unfortunately, in the Berlin situation American "madmen" make common cause with West German "madmen," who are itching to have Americans pull their chestnuts out of the fire. One of Adenauer's ministers, Herr Seebohm, was quoted as follows in the July 23 *Sudetendeutsche Zeitung:* "Our task, our aim, is to remove the frontier between the peoples of Europe in order to acquire the power one day to remove the frontiers behind the Iron Curtain." To keep up the pressure on the United States Government, Adenauer sends to

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

A Little Quiet, Please

In the days before their present affluence, Catskill Mountain hotels employed a *tummler* or noise-maker, whose function it was to amuse the guests so that they would not be critical of the accommodations and menu. With still five months to go before the deadline, the Berlin crisis is becoming so vituperative and threatening that it seems all the statesmen have become *tummlers*. Everybody is ready for Armageddon; and although none of them really wants to fight, each might not be able to draw back sufficiently at the last moment to give the opponent a chance to draw back also and leave Germany as a problem for future generations. It is certain that if hydrogen bombs begin to sprinkle the landscape, the German problem, and shortly the Soviet, French, British and American problems, will be solved all too effectively.

About the Soviet *tummlers* the American commentator can do little. He can only try to calm his own compatriots, if indeed they still recognize him as such, since not to be infuriated has become a form of disaffection, if not treason.

President Kennedy has said that it is part of his design to arouse the nation and to condition the people to sacrifice; but he must be careful not to overshoot his mark. No matter how hard and uncompromising his stand, he can never satisfy Senator Goldwater, who keeps accusing him of "drifting," "inaction," "weak-kneed foreign policy," etc. Mr. Kennedy, however, is not where he is to please Senator Goldwater, but to pursue American interests with reasonable diligence and prudence. To that end, he must make sure that he does not back a strong opponent into a corner, that he does not back himself into the diagonally opposite corner, and that he leaves all concerned enough freedom of action to avoid making Berlin the end of the world. Above all, Mr. Kennedy must avoid the argument — clearly expressed in the press and on radio-TV — that at any cost we must achieve a triumph over Khrushchev to compensate for the psychic wounds of Laos, Cuba, Korea, etc.

Summer Schedule

Through July and August *The Nation* is appearing on alternate weeks only. The next issue will be dated August 12.

There are some calm voices and theirs are the recordings Mr. Kennedy should play over to himself on sleepless nights. One is a speech by Senator John Sherman Cooper (R., Kentucky) reported in the July 14 *Congressional Record*. The phrase "stand firm," said Senator Cooper, is not the beginning and end of our policy respecting Berlin. We are committed to the defense of the freedom of the people of West Berlin, but the President must avoid a fixed refusal "to examine the realities of the situation, or to communicate with Soviet Russia, or take any honorable means to prevent the commencement of hostilities which might expand into a third world war. . . ." Nor is it "appeasement," said Mr. Cooper, "if any attempt is made by members of Congress, or by the Executive, to discuss Berlin, except in dogmatic or belligerent terms."

The voice is a quiet one, but it makes more sense than the noise that has overwhelmed the land.

"Bowles Must Go"

When things are going badly in the high administrative circles of a nation, administrative heads sooner or later must roll. That the Kennedy Administration has been taking grievously hard knocks in foreign affairs requires no recapitulation. Ted Lewis, the astute Washington commentator of the New York *Daily News*, says that the morale problem in the Pentagon alone would keep thousands of psychiatrists' couches occupied, and the metaphor could be extended with even greater force to the State Department. But it is incredible that the removal of Chester Bowles as Under Secretary could produce any change that would be in the national interest.

The State Department is honeycombed with opinion-

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ated mediocrity. There are, however, a certain number of functionaries capable of thinking out effective foreign policy; the trouble is that they can use their brains only on pain of terminating their careers. To these men the presence of Bowles in the second highest State Department position is a reminder that where there is life there is hope. His dismissal would destroy that hope and, as Frederick Kuh said in the *Chicago Sun-Times* (July 16), "put a premium on conserving outworn approaches in a revolutionary age."

The reasons given by Bowles's enemies for wanting his scalp fully support this view. These reasons, summed up by Wallace Carroll in *The New York Times* of July 18, seem to come straight out of *Alice in Wonderland.* Bowles was momentarily saved, Carroll reveals, because the President (author of *Profiles in Courage*) was deterred by the weekend publicity and followed the basic political maxim that you don't fire a man when he is under public attack. But in a little while he will have to be dumped because (1) he opposed the Cuban invasion and was "suspected" of having "leaked" reports of confusion and mismanagement; (2) professional foreign-service officers had hoped that his post would go (and it might still go) to one of their number; (3) some Republican members of Congress felt he was "soft" on Communist China; (4) he was an "idea man," not an administrative hack.

Kuh adds a number of other high crimes and misdemeanors: Bowles has been returning papers to career officials with instructions to rethink them in terms of rural dwellers and land reform rather than the "establishment" in the countries involved; with more than forty military allies, he feels the United States is globally overcommitted; he chafes under the restrictions which Nationalist China's Chiang Kai-shek, Portugal's Antonio de Oliveira Salazar and the Shah of Iran have been imposing on American foreign policy, etc.

Clearly, Bowles must go. He has been right too often. The State Department must be made safe for mediocrity and for a Secretary who lacks initiative, strength and originality. And the State Department auxiliary in the White House must be made safe from criticism, especially when it is unanswerable.

The Meaning of Newburgh

The City of Newburgh, N.Y. (pop. 31,000) has touched off a blaze of headlines and indignant editorials with its campaign against "welfare chiselers." When a local story of this sort suddenly swells to a chorus from coast to coast there is usually a point to it, although it is seldom the point made in the editorials. In this instance, Newburgh's case is not impressive. For example, the city wants to put adult male welfare recipients to work, but this privilege it has had all along. It is not surprising, therefore, to learn that under its tough code Newburgh has been able to round up only one welfare recipient fit to work. And the specific arguments made in support of the other twelve points of the new code are equally weak.

Still, Newburgh's protest has a meaning. Over the years, states and local communities have adopted a "passive" attitude toward their welfare responsibilities; in part this attitude stems from a built-in weakness of the federal assistance program. But it stems also from the fact that we have not sought to rehabilitate the destitute; it has been much too easy to send them a welfare check and forget about them. Local communities have, in consequence, neglected to establish training programs or language classes; nor have they sought to find new industries or to challenge the need of surrounding farm areas for migrant labor (which usually ends up on the local relief rolls). Now — and it is this situation that Newburgh dramatizes — communities have suddenly tumbled to the fact that welfare costs are mounting and that "something must be done about it." Newburgh, looking at the problem through the wrong end of the telescope, proposes to penalize, not merely the unwed mother, but her illegitimate children as well. But the answer is not to "punish" people. It is to cope with the peculiar kinds of more-or-less chronic destitution and need that coexist along with our affluence. Basically the problem is national in scope since retraining programs will not suffice if there are not enough jobs. But states and local communities have their responsibilities, too. Federal assistance was not designed so that these responsibilities could be shirked. In short, Newburgh's case is not impressive, but Newburgh's protest has meaning.

The Test of Non-Violence

Non-violence as a means of effecting rapid, peaceful change in race relations faces a severe test this summer in Mississippi. A hundred and thirty-six Freedom Riders have been arrested; some have been released on bond but most of them are still in jail. For the moment a kind of pause or "cooling off" period of the kind called for by the Attorney General prevails. With the pause, public interest in the Freedom Riders has abated and the Mississippi wardens and jailers have been careful not to arouse it by inconsiderate treatment of their charges. The South is naturally eager to prolong the recess as long as possible in the hope that, if the morale of the prisoners and their backers can be broken, further demonstrations will be abandoned.

The danger, however, is not that the Freedom Rides will not be resumed but that non-violence as a tactic may be discredited. If this is not to happen, the Freedom Riders must be able to mark substantial progress in their campaign to end discrimination in interstate travel. One such development might well be the is-

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suance by a three-judge Federal District Court of an injunction — the issue will be argued on August 7 — against further interference by local authorities with the Freedom Rides. But two of the three judges are Mississippians and, in any case, the decision is likely to be appealed. Another possible mark of progress might be the issuance by the Interstate Commerce Commission at the hearing scheduled for August 15 of an order barring discrimination in bus terminals. But the ICC has a record of procrastination in such matters. Actually, the ICC ruled against discrimination in 1956 but failed to impose proper sanctions. Even so, the railroads readily complied and the "White Only" signs began to come down in the terminals of the larger cities. When full compliance was not forthcoming, a delegation headed by Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., urged the ICC to impose sanctions, but nothing came of that effort. If now, five years later, the ICC promptly rules that no carrier can operate a bus line in interstate travel unless its terminal facilities are non-segregated — and announces that stiff fines will be imposed for non-compliance — it would be an assurance to Southern Negroes that non-violence works as a tactic. But should the ICC stall in its ruling or offer the carriers some easy out — in a word, should non-violence fail to win substantial concessions — it may well be succeeded by movements of quite a different character. The decision rests less with Dr. King and his associates than with those who, if they would only respond affirmatively to the challenge of his responsible leadership, could insure that the transition from segregated to non-segregated public facilities of all kinds would be effected without major violence. Non-violence, as Dr. King puts it, offers the Southern Negro "the sense of a way out"; if that way is barred, the avenues of violence may beckon.

"Why Be Illogical About Franco?"

If it had been merely to note that July 18 marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War, *The Nation* would not have asked Robert Edwards, a Labour M.P. who knows Spain well (he fought in the Civil War), to record his impressions of what Franco has made of Spain after a quarter-century of undisputed personal rule. (See article p. 51.) But the Spanish issue has a new topicality; it is the future, not the past, that concerns us. Currently, Chancellor Adenauer is insisting that Spain be admitted to NATO by early fall at the latest. The West Germans sought initially to work out an arrangement with Spain for arms depots and training areas for the *Bundeswehr*. But these negotiations were upset when word "leaked" to the press about what was going on behind the scenes. (See: "NATO and the Germans, *The Nation*, March 12, 1960, p. 217.)

In the meantime, the campaign to admit Spain to NATO has been proceeding briskly and the set is now being dressed for the big admission scene. General Eisenhower, French Foreign Minister Couvé de Murville, Lord Home, the British Foreign Secretary, and Dr. Heinrich von Brentano, the West German Foreign Minister, have made separate pilgrimages to Madrid, there to be photographed with Franco. And a new rationale has been developed; we are not asked to forget unpleasant memories of Franco's ties with the Nazis but to rise above them, so to speak. "It takes," we are told, "a dictator to deal with dictators." As the good Dr. Brentano puts it: "We have Salazar with us, and the democracies of a number of other members leave much to be desired. Why then be illogical about Franco?" Why, indeed? We have swallowed other toads every bit as distasteful. But Bonn's logic is not the logic that must necessarily prevail in Paris, London or Washington. Spain's presence in NATO will speed and facilitate West German rearmament. At the same time, the Spanish have their own reasons for wanting to be in NATO. A Spanish officer, quoted recently in *The Economist*, touched on the basic Spanish motivation: "We are," he said of the Spanish Army, "becoming divorced from the nation. The people look upon us as their gendarmes, not their defenders." Once in NATO, the alliance would become the guarantor of the type of "tranquillity" that has prevailed in Spain for the last quarter-century and someday the guarantors may have to intervene to back up the Spanish gendarmerie.

Apart from the dubious stability of the regime, just how reliable an ally is Franco? If he is now to be made a member of the wedding he should at least blow us a kiss, but his attitude toward the Western democracies and toward democracy in general has not changed a whit. He made that abundantly clear in his speech at the opening of the Cortes earlier this year. As recently as June, the controlled Spanish press was indulging in one of its recurrent moods of Nazi-Fascist idolatry. The editor of the weekly *SP* wrote in a signed editorial: "I firmly believe that the losers [in World War II] were entitled to win and that the victors deserved to be defeated." No doubt such sentiments echo pleasantly in Bonn, but they are not calculated to inspire our confidence in Spain as an ally.

The Nuclear Mortician

The problem of disposing of millions of corpses in radioactive areas after a nuclear attack was a subject of editorial speculation in the June 10 issue of *The Nation*. Unknowingly, we rushed in where farsighted planners, preparing for every contingency, have already drawn up the blueprints. A reader calls our attention to an article in the July, 1960, issue of *Military Medicine*: "The Civilian Mortuary Service and Thermonuclear

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War," by George Moore, M.D., M.P.H. and Paul A. Lindquist, M.D., M.S.P.H., both connected with the Office of Civil Defense Mobilization. The essence is that if you are alive after a nuclear attack you may have to shift for yourself, but if you are dead, the Civil Defense Mortuary Service will take good care of you. You will not be able to choose your private mortician, but otherwise the traditional relationship between cadaver and undertaker will be preserved as far as possible.

The morticians' burden will be somewhat lightened, the authors point out, by the fact that within a 10-mile radius of a 20-megaton bomb-burst the dead on the surface will be vaporized or incinerated. "Any dead theoretically salvageable" will most likely be found between the 10 and 20 mile radii. For several weeks these honored dead will not be salvageable either, because of intense radioactivity. In some cases it may be simpler, the Drs. Moore and Lindquist suggest, to build new cities elsewhere and "allow the dead to sleep in this memorial." For obvious reasons the memorial must be fenced in and placed under quarantine to human beings, insects and rodents.

Leaving these honored dead of the 10-20-mile zone to their well-earned rest, we proceed outward to a region where collection, identification, record-keeping, religious rites and burial may be carried on in a conventional manner, except that the number of dead will strain the facilities of the undertakers who, with the aid of auxiliary staff, will work on a three-shift basis and supply only minimum embalming services (one hour per cadaver) while the unclaimed dead may have to be buried in temporary trench graves on publicly owned land. The police, the clergy, undertakers, radiological experts, et al. will cooperate under the aegis of OCDM, whose organization charts provide for everything from explosion of the bomb to the grave and even beyond, since some unknown dead will later be identified and reinterred. Even logistics have been taken care of, and funeral homes are advised to increase their inventories as far as possible. Target-city undertakers, in particular, should consider buying their supplies a year or two in advance. "We conclude," the authors declare in a ringing peroration, "that the Mortuary Service is an essential program toward safeguarding morale and health and is manageable even under the adverse conditions of thermonuclear war."

NATO JOINS THE WEHRMACHT . . *Heinz Pol*

IN HIS recent column, "Foreign Affairs," in *The New York Times*, C. L. Sulzberger once again aired the question of Adenauer's successor and the future of NATO. Sulzberger correctly expressed the view — widely held in West Germany itself — that Bonn's coming man is the current Minister of Defense, Franz Josef Strauss, even if Minister of Economics Ludwig Ehrhart should briefly precede him.

Sulzberger interviewed Strauss, who told him: "There cannot be neutrality between Moscow and the West. . . . I am a convinced enemy of any German hegemony in Europe. . . . It is intellectual nonsense to think of a disengaged, neutral Germany." Visibly impressed, Sulzberger concluded his report:

> These observations must be noted in writing because they are expressed with all the earmarks of sincerity by the most powerful potential voice of the post-Adenauer period. Strauss's views should consequently be weighed with care.

Of all Strauss's qualities — both positive and negative, and forever at war in his personality — sincerity must be regarded as the least evident. The German people call him "the man with the tough elbows" — an unprincipled go-getter.

This of course does not preclude the possibility that he really *meant* what he told Sulzberger. An impulsive and imaginative politician, he is quite likely to be convinced of whatever opinion he happens to hold — at the moment. For example, if he had been questioned by Sulzberger about his military views in 1949, when he was a relatively obscure *Bundestag* member, no doubt he would have reaffirmed privately what he had then proclaimed in public: "If any German should ever again take up a gun, his hand should drop off."

Seven years later, this ardent pacifist heads the new German Army.

Strauss recently wrote to the Parents' Council of the schools in Lower Saxony: ". . . We should build more barracks, because there alone the young Germans receive proper citizenship training, and there alone they are taught that the freedom of the German Federal Republic is worth defending." Shortly thereafter, he said in a speech in his native Bavaria: "The time may well come when barracks will be just as important as churches." Strauss did not use the comparison lightly: he is an even more devout Catholic than Adenauer, and spends as much time praying as he does strutting about his brand-new barracks or racing along in a tank during maneuvers.

Of all of Adenauer's Cabinet members, Strauss is the most fervent advocate of the theory that the *Bundeswehr* — the armed forces of the German Federal Republic — should at once be equipped with nuclear weapons adequate to meet "all eventualities." Contrary to military experts in the United States and

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other NATO powers, he scorns the notion that Europe's armies should be prepared mainly for limited, non-atomic conflicts. If the Russians should attack—and he has no doubt that they will — they should be countered, in his opinion, with the most modern, powerful missiles. Therefore, he argues, the *Bundeswehr* must not merely possess atomic warheads, but also be granted the right to use them without waiting for Washington's permission.

The authority of the *Bundeswehr* to drop H-bombs on Moscow whenever the Defense Minister and his military advisers feel so inclined, is being feverishly discussed in West Germany. Except for two or three Social Democratic parliamentary deputies and a few newspapers, hardly anyone dares to oppose this reckless course, if only because Strauss, with a nonchalance bordering on genius, quotes "experts" who are unassailable in the Catholic-oriented Federal Republic. Thus, after his return from Rome some months ago, he revealed at the Bonn press club that the Pope himself had pleaded with him to pursue his defensive-missile policy without compromise.

THE PERSONALITY and career of Strauss reflect the whole tragedy of rearmed Germany. The ever-growing *Bundeswehr* — an institution regarded as unthinkable by most Germans until finally the Allies, headed by the United States, literally imposed it on them — is one of the major obstacles in liquidating the cold war and restoring anything like normal relations between East and West.

The fact that, in spite of all denials, the Pentagon and the upper echelons of NATO are discussing whether — and when — the *Bundeswehr* should be given atomic warheads is the logical outcome of a development that started in 1950. The Korean War gave those farsighted statesmen in the United States and Western Europe, who lived, or insisted they lived, in constant fear of a Russian Pearl Harbor, the opportunity of asking for a small German contribution toward their common defense. The first to alarm the world with the war cry, "German troops to the front!" — Hitler's millions of dead were scarcely cold — were such adherents of *Realpolitik* as Churchill, Acheson and Adenauer, Field Marshal Montgomery and General de Lattre de Tassigny, as well as the Brotherhood of Former German Staff Officers headed by General Kurt von Manteuffel. The Brotherhood was formed immediately after the war and in violation of the stipulation of Allied occupation authorities. Its aim was not merely to preserve German military tradition, but secretly to expand the officers' cadres for a new *Wehrmacht*.

The first connection between the Brotherhood and some of its "comrades" in England and France goes back to 1948. When the German Federal Republic was founded in 1949, von Manteuffel sent a memorandum to Adenauer, who had just become Chancellor, arguing that a Federal Republic without an army was absurd. Adenauer, by no means militarily inclined, but nevertheless a good German quite ready to bow to the superior authority of a uniform, was impressed. But, shrewdly, he argued it would be best to do nothing until Paris, London or Washington found out by themselves that the West could never be defended without the help of the German soldier.

On January 13, 1950, *The New York Times* reported in connection with the secret conferences between the Brotherhood and the Chancellor: "Adenauer is preparing for the day when he believes the Western powers will allow Germany to rearm." The following month, Adenauer announced at a meeting of his party: "I strictly oppose any remilitarization of Germany" — adding, however, in no uncertain terms that "the Western powers are obligated to protect the Federal territory." About the same time, *Bundestag* member Strauss, who was just beginning to be interested in military questions, stated with commendable frankness: "We are not inclined to defend with our blood the frontiers created by the stupidity of the Western Allies."

But the soil had been prepared, and a turn of events was near. In March, 1950, Churchill formally demanded in the House of Commons that West Germany be rearmed. The Brotherhood and Adenauer were vastly relieved: the barriers had fallen. But they had to work cautiously because the German public was not at all ready for this complete about-face. The German Social Democratic Party, under the dynamic leadership of Kurt Schumacher, fought hard against remilitarization, and the cry "Without us!" rang from the throats of millions of young Germans.

OFFICIAL Washington hesitated, although Secretary of State Dean Acheson and the Pentagon agreed that Germany should make some contribution to the defense of the West. Then the outbreak of the Korean War abolished all further psychological obstacles. In September, 1950, at a conference of Western foreign ministers at the Hotel Waldorf in New York, Mr. Acheson presented his formal request for the rearming of the Federal Republic.

But other countries, particularly France, refused to be railroaded, and the debate ended in a draw; moreover, England was afraid to go along. This set off a large-scale pressure campaign by the Truman administration. In November, the U.S. military leaders declared flatly that the defense of Western Europe was "contingent on German rearmament." This appeared to be an ultimatum. In December, at the Brussels Conference of the Atlantic Council, England and France reluctantly yielded to Washington's prompting and it was decided to start technical negotiations with Bonn about German troop units.

Bonn appointed Generals Hans Speidel and Adolf Heusinger to discuss the first blueprints for Germany's remilitarization with the high commissioners of the United States, France and Britain. In January, 1957, Speidel was nominated commander of NATO ground forces in Central Europe, and since June, 1961, Heusinger has been chairman of NATO's Military Committee in Permanent Session, with headquarters in Washington and Paris. (On both sides of the Atlantic has it been forgotten that Heusinger's name was on the first Allied list of

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war criminals, issued in 1945? Britain prefers to ignore that Heusinger once criticized Hitler for having lacked the toughness to destroy the British army at Dunkirk. Anyone who today questions Heusinger's role will hear Strauss's stereotype answer: "Those who don't like it here can go to the Soviet Zone, where they belong.")

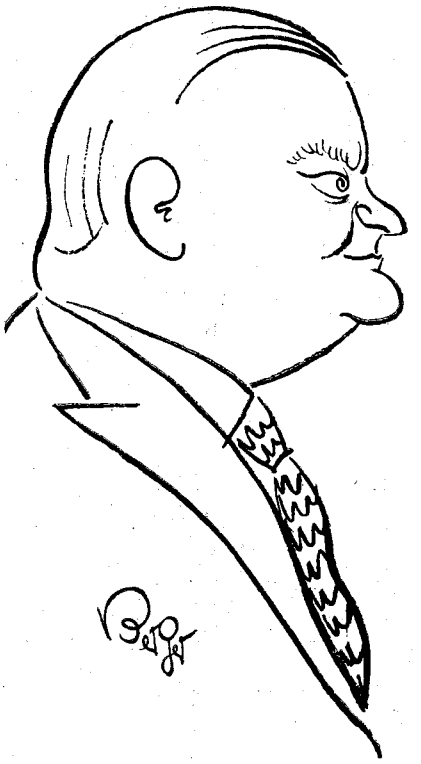
Initially, Germany's military contribution was supposed to be small. Diplomats in Bonn and Washington spoke of troops in company strength, supported by a handful of planes and coast patrol vessels. This was soon stepped up, and today NATO rests basically on German divisions. The German Army now numbers about 300,000, and is scheduled to reach 350,000 by 1963. Bonn will soon have twelve divisions, armed with the most modern equipment, and German strength in NATO is expected to increase considerably.

BONN'S contribution to NATO's total forces is far larger than any other NATO member's, including the United States. In terms of modern technical equipment, the striking power of the German divisions is at least equal to that of the U.S. Seventh Army stationed in Western Europe; quite a few military experts believe that it is more powerful.

Early in 1960, the *Bundeswehr* (together with France and Italy) was permitted to manufacture the Hawk missile and the Sidewinder anti-tank rocket. In the same year, the German Army, with the blessing of NATO, was systematically changing over from conventional to multipurpose weapons such as the Honest John and the Nike-Hercules anti-aircraft rockets, as well as the Matador winged missile (capable of reaching targets like Prague or Warsaw).

The 1961 edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* reports in its survey of German rearmament in 1960: "Early in the year, the *Bundestag* approved the purchase of $32 millions worth of Sergeant missiles from the U.S.A. . . . The country was well on its way to becoming one of the strongest air powers in the West. . . ."

In spite of these figures, British Government circles reassuringly point out that the *Bundeswehr* can never again become a danger to the West if only because NATO stipulations and other pacts do not permit Bonn to build up its own armament industry. Germany buys its arms from the United States, Britain and other NATO members. Perhaps the statesmen who insisted on German rearmament may really believe they can prevent the growth of German militarism by controlling production (and, incidentally, retaining nice ar-



Franz Josef Strauss

mament profits for themselves). But historical processes transcend the intelligence of average career politicians. It is inconceivably naive to think that the strongest industrial power in Europe will in the long run give up the large profits which the armament business provides. The German military, with centuries of tradition behind it, is not naive. Hence, Defense Minister Strauss coolly informed his NATO colleagues in 1960 that "for the time being" the Federal Republic would maintain a ratio of 50 per cent domestic arms production, with 50 per cent to be purchased abroad. It takes no clairvoyant to predict that within a few years this ratio will be closer to 100 per cent in Germany's favor, possibly including rocket and missile production.

But we haven't yet reached that point. For the moment, England is jubilant that the limitation placed on German destroyers, stipulated in the Brussels Pact of 1954, is a thing of the past. The previous maximum tonnage of 3,000 per destroyer has been removed; the Germans may now have eight 6,000-ton destroyers. The reason: only vessels of this size can mount batteries of surface-to-surface and surface-to-air missiles, which NATO wants. "The new German destroyers," as the London correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune* cabled on May 24, 1961, "will be more than twice as large by draft as any operating British ship of that classification."

Why, under these circumstances, should Britain be so enthusiastic? Simple enough: to compensate for permission to build the new superdestroyers, Strauss contracted "to buy fifty shipboard Seacat surface-to-air guided missiles from Great Britain, plus several hundred and possibly 2,000 British-made 105-mm guns for German tanks." Furthermore, the German Defense Ministry promised to increase its orders for two new types of British aircraft engines. A British Defense Ministry spokesman, according to the *Herald Tribune* of May 24, 1961, said he did not know precisely the money value of the announced German purchases of British weapons, but stated it would amount to a "considerable sum." Interestingly enough, on June 1, 1961, Admiral Wagner of the West German Navy was appointed Commander-in-Chief of NATO Sea Forces for North and Central Europe — a realm which includes the North Sea and the Baltic.

WHATEVER one may say against Strauss, he has a certain generosity. His motto is "live and let live." He knows that his systematic build-up of army, navy and air force must be accomplished step by step, until there is a new, independent *Wehrmacht* in Western Europe which will overshadow all other armed forces.

In spite of all the precautions he takes not to alarm the West, Strauss occasionally slips up. His errors are characteristic of his personality, and of the true character of the "new

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democratic spirit" in the *Bundeswehr*. Since he thought there wasn't enough space in the Fatherland, he turned to Spain, of all places, for establishing military training centers and arsenals. In 1960, Spain was not even a member of NATO. When the Allies raised their eyebrows, he quickly approached France and Britain for similar privileges, at the same time increasing his armament orders. This restored the general harmony.

THE affair of the White Paper issued by the *Bundeswehr* High Command in August, 1960, was a little more difficult to explain away. Here the German generals demanded immediate nuclear weapons; without them, they argued, the *Bundeswehr* could not guarantee the defense of Europe. Public opinion in the West was so upset about the aggressive tone of the German ultimatum that Adenauer briefly recalled his Defense Minister from his vacation and reproached him for permitting his officers to publish such a document. That settled the matter, especially since the world was then passionately involved in the Congo crisis.

When Strauss goes abroad, particularly to the United States, everyone is carried away by his natural charm. He is equally, and rightfully, admired for his military knowledge, his technical know-how and his phenominal memory for statistics. Officially and privately, Strauss loves to underline Germany's "European role" — an effective way of freeing Bonn from the suspicion of taking politics into its own hands or plotting military adventures. But when Strauss travels around in the Federal Republic, making speeches, the "good European" steps to the background. Instead, Strauss is becoming more and more nationalistic and prefers to talk about "the necessity of expanding national power."

He boasts of having been an officer during the war while others, such as Berlin's Mayor Willy Brandt, "fled" to Norway. He scornfully dismisses Dr. Otto Hahn, the country's greatest atomic scientist, as a "sentimentalist and village idiot" because Hahn opposed the nuclear armament of the *Bundeswehr*. To his people, he proclaims the time-honored military tradition of Prussia and the Reich as a sacred mission to be carried out by the young *Bundeswehr*. Nowadays the call to voluntary military service is answered by those who once cried they had had enough in World War II. Last spring, almost 10,000 men volunteered for duty, half of them former officers. The spirit of Potsdam is reawakening even without Prussia.

This increasing militarization of the German mind is one of the three great dangers arising from present trends in the Federal Republic. The gradual linking up of the Bonn Republic with the "glorious military past" is taking place almost unnoticed. Several important persons in Germany, and isolated newspapers and periodicals such as the *Frankfurter Rundschau* or *Der Spiegel*, point to the growing danger and have enough guts to criticize Strauss's nuclear policy. The others either don't grasp what is going on, or else play along. Consider the Free Democratic Party, which describes itself as liberal. In the forthcoming elections, it will presumably gain votes, which will give it a key position in a future coalition government. In a pre-election speech on May 1, 1961, Erich Mende, its chairman, announced amid tremendous applause that Germany's military tradition would finally have to be restored. Among the heroes to be honored, he named half a dozen prominent Hitler generals.

The second danger is the tendency of the Allies to assign too great a role to Bonn in the NATO alliance. At the beginning of this year, in a Paris speech on NATO's future, Strauss declared: "NATO is not just a coalition. The simple addition of national forces today would be of little value. What we need is integration." This is logical enough — but who integrates whom? Even today the preponderance of the *Bundeswehr* in NATO is so great that the German partner will eventually dominate the entire alliance. NATO was, of course, not planned for that purpose. But hardly anyone in the West dares to discuss this new aspect of the German problem. This is a critical situation, because the Federal Republic, among all NATO members, is the only country with a so-called "legitimate reason" for revising peace treaties and other pacts resulting from World War II. Primarily, territorial questions are involved. Although the Oder-Neisse Line has been in effect for sixteen years, Bonn naturally enough has never accepted the arrangement and the Western powers have not recognized it *de jure*. But Washington, London and particularly Paris (where de Gaulle regards the new frontier as final) are infinitely less interested in any revision than is the Federal Republic. The danger that some day the Eastern border will generate a conflict, which will then involve NATO, cannot be overlooked. The same is true for the problem of Berlin and Germany's reunification.

If the Federal Republic had remained unarmed or neutralized, Bonn and Warsaw might long ago have gotten together to rectify at least parts of the disputed frontier and organize some resettlement of German citizens. But with the Federal Republic what it is today, setting the tone in NATO and shouting for nuclear arms, it will be next to impossible to persuade Poland to enter even into an exchange of ideas on the subject.

THE THIRD danger is Germany's future strong man, Franz Josef Strauss. Last March he was nominated chairman of the Christian Social Party in Bavaria, numerically the largest and most influential section of Adenauer's Christian Democratic Union (CDU). In the Bavarian tradition, it has preserved its own character. (The role of Bavaria in the political history of modern Germany may be compared to that of the South in the United States.) The CDU is largely dependent on its Bavarian offshoot, which is firmly controlled by Strauss, and there is no reason to assume that he will drop the reins. Since the CDU, in all probability, will emerge as the country's largest party, without which no government can be formed, Strauss, as the head of the Bavarian branch, is the man who, after Adenauer, can pull all the wires.

True, Strauss has influential enemies in the party itself. Adenauer both admires and fears him. But

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after Ehrhart, who is sixty-four, in poor health and not suited for a position of power, there is no one but Strauss, forty-four years old, in radiant health and obsessed by ambition. In personal or political arguments, of which there have been plenty, this son of a Bavarian butcher, who graduated with honors from Munich University to become a *Bundestag* member at the age of thirty, so far has not lost a single battle.

Some people in Bonn believe that Strauss will seek the office of Chancellor via the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. His immediate aim would be to succeed Brentano, thus getting an opportunity to pose as Germany's new statesman at international conferences. This assumption makes sense. The weekly *Der Spiegel* recently devoted an entire issue to the phenomenon called Strauss, reaching this conclusion:

> After the Federal elections, in the struggle for the post of Foreign Minister, Heinrich von Brentano will be able to rely on many CDU friends who are by no means indifferent to the political ethics of the Federal Republic, and to peace in Central Europe. Whether the CDU or the SPD [the Social Democratic Party] will win the future elections is no longer the point at issue. One question alone seems important: whether Franz Josef Strauss will march another step in the direction of an office which he would hardly leave without war and revolution.

"These views" (together with similar ones published in a few other German papers) "should be weighed with care" — to get back to Mr. Sulzberger.

NEW RIGHT in ACTION . . *Alex Gottfried and Sue Davidson*

IT WAS not until January of this year, with the ubiquitous appearance of that profitable box-office double feature, *Operation Abolition* and *Communism on the Map,* that right-wing activities in the Northwest reached proportions sufficient to alert and alarm liberals in this area. Unpublicized signs and portents, however, had appeared much earlier.

During 1960, Captain Kenneth J. Sanger, commandant of the Sand Point Naval Air Station, began to extend his Navy "leadership training program" to include programs on "Americanism" and "anti-communism" for Seattle junior and senior high school students. Sanger also maintains a volunteer speakers' bureau of Navy men, to lecture on "good citizenship" to civilian groups; it has presented a total of 233 talks in less than a year. Last fall, a group whose leadership has ties with the national organization, "We the People," began a campaign to introduce the Navy's "citizenship" program into the suburban schools. They prevailed upon the principal of the Bellevue High School to call a meeting of some fifty suburban principals and heads of social studies departments, to hear Captain Sanger speak on the Communist menace, and to view *Abolition* and *Map.*

One of the teachers who attended this meeting wrote to Senator Henry M. Jackson, questioning the appropriateness of the military's invasion of this area of civilian life. Shortly thereafter, Captain Sanger complained to the suburban principals about the teacher's letter. The teacher was told by his principal that his teaching effectiveness had been diminished by communication with his Senator and, further, by his "identification" with the American Civil Liberties Union —consisting of a two-dollar associate membership.

THE TWO films, in the meantime, had begun circulating quietly and efficiently to a great number of church groups, PTAs, service clubs, schools and military installations. They were shown repeatedly to personnel at the Boeing Airplane Company. Most progressive leaders here, however, had their first opportunity to view *Abolition* at the Washington State ACLU's annual meeting of December 15. The film was accompanied by a critique by one of the student leaders of the San Francisco demonstrations, of which it purports to be a documentary account.

Local distribution of the film was popularly attributed to Boeing, Puget Sound Power and Light, and the Missionary Film Service, a private distributor of fundamentalist films, hitherto not associated with political materials. At the ACLU meeting, a representative of Boeing admitted the firm's active participation, as well as his own role, in the promotion of the film; defended it; and disclaimed any knowledge of distortions or inaccuracies in *Abolition.* Boeing executives were to persist in this attitude during the coming months, even in the face of earnest protests by a few prominent, highly-respected local citizens, Republican as well as Democrat. By February 26, the *Los Angeles Times* reported, Boeing possessed six copies of *Abolition,* had shown it two hundred times, and was booked solid for showings until May. The Boeing management's expressed confidence in the accuracy of the film was somewhat compromised by its reluctance to allow showings under circumstances where it might be criticized: when a member of a Friends' young adult group requested use of the film, he was informed by a Boeing security officer that "we don't care to cooperate with people like you."

It was Professor Giovanni Costigan, of the University of Washington History Department, who uncloaked the twisted message of the filmstrip, *Communism on the Map.* On January 24, he arranged a showing to a large faculty group. A state-

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SUE DAVIDSON, his wife, writes fiction and criticism; she is a member of the American Friends Service Committee and of the ACLU.

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ment about the film, prepared by Dr. Costigan, expressed shock at the filmstrip's "irresponsible mingling of fact and falsehood" and its "gross distortion of historical events." Ninety-two faculty members signed the statement; and statement and signatures were released to the local press, which printed the item a good deal later.

A FEW days after the faculty screening, the Young Democrats of the University of Washington showed *Map*, soliciting comment from Professor Costigan, as well as from R. W. Burgess of the Missionary Film Service. More than 2,000 students jammed themselves into the auditorium, there to laugh uproariously at the patent idiocies of the film, and warmly applaud Professor Costigan's critical comment.

And now the storm broke, with acrimonious, state-wide debate, and a great public choosing up of sides. The Boeing management and local Naval officers admitted to the Seattle press that they had been distributors of *Map*. Representative Thomas M. Pelly (R), a supporter of the House Un-American Activities Committee, warmly approved the Navy's indoctrination of civilians. The *Northwest Progress*, organ of the Seattle Catholic diocese, championed the films; and Father Thomas L. O'Brien of Seattle University emerged as a local spokesman for the right wing. Also highly popular as a spokesman for HUAC and the films was Mrs. Virginia Shakelford of Tacoma, who some months later revealed herself as a member of the John Birch Society. Fundamentalist churches, reservists, chambers of commerce and other business groups, service clubs, the King County Labor Council, certain unions and PTAs voiced approval of the films and, variously, support of the Navy, of the FBI, of HUAC. Professor Costigan, "left-wing University professors," and the ACLU were damned, scourged and, occasionally, libeled.

These attacks were met. Very early, nine leading Protestant ministers in Seattle—including a Methodist Bishop and the executive minister of the Greater Seattle Council of Churches—denounced both *Abolition* and *Map*. Their statement was

followed by similar ones from directors of student religious groups in the university community, by on-campus student organizations, by various Democratic clubs, and others.

NEITHER Seattle daily took an editorial position on this debate, but it was quite clear from the type of coverage where their sympathies lay. When the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, for example, at last released the statement of the 92 faculty members, it was printed next to a column in support of the film—written by the paper's aviation reporter, who has the Boeing beat. Most of the other newspapers throughout the state, dailies and weeklies, followed this lead. The University of Washington *Daily* gave broad coverage to the liberal position and published editorials in support of it; Stan Stapp of the *Greenwood Aurora Outlook* provided, in his weekly column, the only other local journalistic recognition of the libertarian viewpoint.

It was inevitable that repercussions should be felt in the state legislature. The greatest spate of McCarthyite legislation since the heyday of McCarthy himself was now introduced, by Democrats as well as Republicans. There was a resolution praising the films and making a legislative finding that they were excellent teaching materials. There was a resolution of glowing commendation for the work of HUAC. Another proposal called for the creation of an "American Heritage Foundation," to be charged with indoctrinating the people of the State of Washington on the evils of communism and the fundamentals of Americanism. Ultimately these, and several other bills of the same tendency, were defeated, but not without the greatest difficulty. They were stopped by the combination of a handful of able legislators — mainly, Representatives Norman Ackley and Daniel Brink, and Senator Wilber G. Hallaur—and the skillful activities of many liberal committee staff members, coordinated by the Washington ACLU's executive secretary.

THE rising tide of anti-Communist fervor has given birth in the Northwest to numerous new programs and organizations on the Right. Introduced in February was a frankly extremist organization calling itself "A Group of People, Inc." Apparently at no loss for funds, GOPI celebrated something it calls "Loyalty Day" by opening a library to supply anti-Communist literature to the public. Another group is Greater America, Inc. Calling itself a national organization, and carrying on its list of board members some nationally prominent figures, among them Erwin D. Canham and James A. Linen, it is none the less largely a Boeing creation. Although it has made some effort to keep its anti-communism respectable, its pilot study group attracted, almost exclusively, adherents of the John Birch stripe. A tie-up between the military, politicians, industrial and business leadership, conservatives and extreme right-wingers is also evident in the recently founded Seattle American Leadership Council. Captain Sanger is credited with a central role in inspiring and organizing the Council; it features as co-chairmen Seattle Mayor Gordon Clinton, the senior vice president of Boeing, and the secretary of the King County Labor Council. Its speakers' bureau is entrusted to Father O'Brien.

Captain Sanger has continued to be in great demand in the area—even with liberals who have repeatedly tried in vain to get him to accept a

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public debate. But it began to be evident that objections were being raised in high places to this sort of political activity on the part of the military. Both President Kennedy and the Defense Department had made it plain that statements of policy coming from the military must henceforth be cleared by higher civilian authority. Moreover, early in March the Navy canceled scheduled showings of *Map*. When Representative Pelly protested the cancellations, the Navy replied apologetically that its supply of the film could not meet the growing demand and that furthermore it was unable to work out "transportation problems" from Sand Point. To add to the confusion, a Sand Point commander on the same day denied that the Navy had ever shown the film to any but "our own people." Sanger himself was later to make the same denial, more than once.

There now began what may be called "The Canonization of Captain Sanger." Representative Pelly made a laudatory speech about him in the House. His praises were repeatedly sung in the metropolitan dailies, sometimes in the form of testimonials from organizations and individuals, sometimes in feature stories. Misrepresenting criticism of the Captain as due to his "vigorous opposition to communism," the newspapers pictured him as a hero behaving with immense courage under formidable fire.

IN THE midst of this fevered defense of the local military hero, the John Birch story broke nationally. The metropolitan newspapers at first attempted to ignore it. But as the story grew throughout the country, the *Post-Intelligencer* and the *Times* were constrained to pick it up. Both ran exposés of the John Birch Society, in a series of lengthy articles. The *PI* and the *Times* began at this point to show signs of acute schizophrenia. On the very day that the *PI* ran its first article on the John Birch Society, there appeared on the same page an editorial headed "A Naval Officer's Duty," lauding Captain Sanger for his Americanism campaign. In another editorial, the *PI* thanked Senator Dodd for his demand that the Birch Society be investigated, but could not refrain from the Goldwater-like regret that "some of our finest citizens, with the highest motives," had been attracted to the society. The fine citizens and organizations which have plugged *Map* here still enjoy the best relationships with the press, nor has the press ever chided them or Captain Sanger about the identification between the film and the Birch Society.

NEVERTHELESS, the newspapers' articles on the society, as they identified local Birch leaders, did offer some key to earlier right-wing phenomena in Washington State. The individuals named were also prominent in other right-wing groups in the area which had been at work in ways and with goals similar to those outlined in Welch's *Blue Book*. American Legionnaire Lawrence Timbers, author of a widely circulated smear-sheet on Professor Costigan, is a John Bircher, as are Mrs. Shakelford and one P. C. Beezley. In addition to being Washington State "organizer" and "coordinator" for the Birch Society, Beezley is on the national board of "We the People," along with Mrs. Shakelford. All three of the aforementioned are members of the board of the Committee for Economic Freedom; Mrs. Shakelford is also an organizer for the Constitution Party. Shakelford, Beezley and Timbers have been the chief instruments in a number of "study clubs" which devote themselves chiefly to attacks on the public schools in this area. Also a member of the "study clubs" and the local Birch Society is Tom Hutton, an associate of Gerald L. K. Smith in the Christian Nationalist Crusade. No theory of conspiracy is offered here as an explanation of the political climate of Washington over the past few months. The multiple connections of individuals of similar extreme views do, however, reflect Birch Society doctrine, and can be seen in numerous related activities.

Perhaps the best illustration of the tendencies of these interconnected groups and individuals has been their attacks upon the public schools, especially those of Kent, which Mrs. Shakelford and her fellows have harassed for more than a year. The guidance program was attacked as brainwashing; teaching methods and texts were assailed; it was charged that children were indoctrinated with un-American tenets emanating from Columbia University, the goal of which was to teach the youth to live in a Communist world. The Kent school board and the superintendent have so far successfully resisted these assaults; unfortunately, their courage has not been consistently matched by other Washington school boards and superintendents.

Nor has the exposure of the Birch Society inhibited the attacks upon free discussion and inquiry in the public schools: less than two weeks after the local stories on the society appeared, another such foray was reported in the newspapers. At Foster High, on the outskirts of Seattle, two teachers, in full cooperation with their principal, had worked up a study unit on the issues troubling the community. They included for discussion such relevant materials as *Map* and the Roosevelt-McNeely debate on HUAC. The superintendent of schools received a single letter and a few telephone calls criticizing the teachers and the principal for the presentation of this unit. This was sufficient to start an imbroglio in which the teachers' and the principal's activities were debated at a school board meeting before 250 persons, and they were subjected to hours of private executive inquiry into their political and social attitudes and activities.

A NEW program for Seattle's public schools further reflects the political climate here. Billed as the "American Heritage" program, it is not to consist in courses, but is intended to imbue the entire curriculum with a set of attitudes. Five- and six-year-olds are to be instructed in the meaning of the pledge of allegiance. Instruction in communism's perils and pitfalls will begin in the fifth grade, with awareness of the Red threat presumably dominating studies from there on.

Although some Washington liberals feel that the exposure of the John Birch Society has gone far to reduce extremist pressure from the

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Right, a glance at the record, present and retrospective, does not offer such firm comfort. One can begin by assessing the Washington liberals themselves. It is true that as individuals they show a great gain in courage and outspokenness over the McCarthy period; this is particularly striking in the case of religious leaders and of the academic community, faculty as well as students. Yet the willingness of individuals to identify with a liberal position has never translated itself into any practical, organized program of action. The ACLU of Washington, best equipped in terms of will, skill and experience, will not enter into areas where no civil-liberties infringement is involved. On the other hand, an organization such as the American Friends Service Committee has only a fraction of energies and funds to devote to civil-liberties issues, acute as may be its interest in them. The Democratic Party organs and the church groups which took verbal stands against the right-wingers are analogously restricted and restrained. Moreover, the groups which took such fragmentary action as they could, did not in this period of near-hysteria enjoy any spectacular increase in members, in member willingness to take individual responsibility, or in funds. It is not surprising, therefore, that the independent organization which was finally created to act in a concerted way—the so-called Committee for an Open Society, Inc.—never got off the ground. In short, there has not been a massive response to a massive challenge.

And there is little on the local balance sheet to suggest that the dimensions of the challenge have been affected by indignation over the Birch Society. Those who decry the Birchers' smearing of Eisenhower make no connection between this and the assaults on local intellectuals. In the midst of revulsion against Mr. Welch, it is the public schools which are being attacked, not the industrialists and military men who have carried Welch's ideas, via *Communism on the Map,* to so many inhabitants of the state. The reputations of Boeing and Puget Sound Power and Light not only remain undamaged, they have not even been challenged; while the imminent departure of Captain Sanger to another station has brought a new flurry of testimonials and fresh demands for his services as a public speaker.

FRANCO'S QUARTER-CENTURY . . *Robert Edwards*

London

JUST twenty-five years ago this month, civil war broke out in Spain. Four years thereafter, Franco, aided by the armies, navies and air forces of Hitler and Mussolini, had triumphed over his fellow countrymen. More than a million Spaniards died in the process.

In 1945, with the collapse of Nazism in Europe, Fascist Spain looked more and more an anachronism. The victorious Allied countries ostracized the Franco regime and Spanish democrats increased their efforts to overthrow the hated Spanish dictator. Under this pressure, Franco was compelled to declare a limited political amnesty and to make many changes in the social structure of the country. He even promised to bring back the monarchy and establish some kind of constitutional government. But it was not until 1955, following the signing of the military agreement between the United States and Spain, that the isolation of the Spanish regime was broken. Since then, Franco has slowly climbed to respectability and favor. In 1959, under American sponsorship, Spain was admitted into the Organization for European Economic Co-operation (OEEC) and credits amounting to $375,000,000 were granted to Franco by OEEC, the International Monetary Fund and the United States.

Mr. Christian Herter, former U.S. Secretary of State, publicly declared in 1960 that he would like to see Spain in NATO. West Germany and other NATO countries were reported at that time to have agreed, but Britain and the Scandinavian countries remain opposed; indeed, two Scandinavian countries and Holland to this very day refuse to recognize the Franco regime.

The British people have such bitter memories of the Spanish Civil War that it would be difficult for any British Government, at this stage, to sponsor Spain's membership in NATO; nevertheless, extraordinary methods are being used to create a climate for such a sponsorship. In July, 1960, occurred the first official Spanish ministerial visit to Britain since the Civil War ended in 1939. Señor Fernando Castiella, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Spain, visited London at the invitation of the British Foreign Office. His purpose, according to the British Minister of Foreign Affairs, was merely to improve Anglo-Spanish relations. Although he stayed only one week, the visit did not go unnoticed. A great demonstration was organized by the Labour Party and thousands of people marched to Trafalgar Square in protest. Indeed, so hostile was Labour's Parliamentary Opposition that scores of questions flooded the Parliamentary order paper covering every day of the Parliamentary week of Castiella's visit, and the Spanish ex-servicemen who fought against fascism during World War II declared a "Spanish Freedom Day" and marched in thousands to the Cenotaph, in the heart of London, to place a wreath in remembrance of the 25,000 Spanish servicemen who died while serving with the Allied armies. Both in the House of Commons and at public meetings, attention was drawn to the fact that the Spanish Foreign Minister had been

ROBERT EDWARDS, Labour M.P., fought with the Loyalists in the Spanish Civil War and has been an articulate spokesman for anti-Fascist causes on the floor of Commons.

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personally decorated by Adolf Hitler with the Iron Cross for his services against the Soviet Union on the Eastern Front. As Señor Castiella is being mentioned in certain Spanish circles as the likely successor to General Franco, it is well to understand his background. This visit was not his first to London. He made an unofficial and secret one in 1959 for a private discussion with President Eisenhower, who was at the time the official guest of Prime Minister Macmillan. He also had confidential talks with the British Foreign Office, news of which was carefully suppressed.

It was the American administration, back in March, 1960, that commenced the process of building up the reputation of this representative of Fascist Spain by inviting him to give a lecture at the American University at Georgetown. During the course of the lecture, Castiella proudly admitted that in 1941 he had been an officer of the Blue Division—the Spanish division in Hitler's Army—and served for many months on the Eastern Front against Russia. He explained: "Spaniards went to fight on distant foreign soil in the inhospitable frozen lands where their real enemy was to be found."

He did not explain, however, why, following his return from the Eastern Front, he led a campaign in Spain for the seizure of Gibraltar which compelled a diversion of many thousands of British troops from the North African campaign.

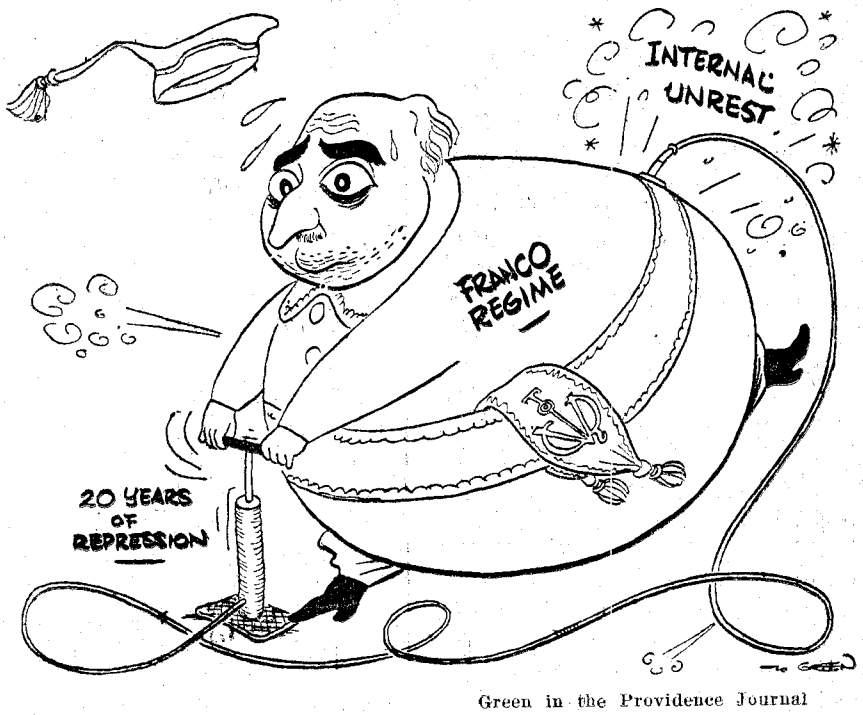
Later in his lecture, he asserted that the Spanish attitude in the Second World War was dictated by a completely separate dispute with the Soviet Union. It is clear that Señor Castiella had conveniently forgotten his own book, in which he declared "the passionate permanent unity between Spanish Fascism and German Nazism" and in which he proudly asserted that the Second World War was planned and rehearsed during the Spanish Civil War. It is passing strange that his American audience at this learned university had also conveniently forgotten the heaviest blow ever dealt at the myth of Spanish neutrality during the Second World War—the publication of the White Book on Spain issued by the State Department in 1946. How cynical we can become, and how quickly we can forget our democratic ideals in the interests of temporary military strategy on the advice of the Pentagon and Central Intelligence Agency!

FOR THE sake of the new generation that did not experience the emotions engendered in the thirties by the overthrow of the Spanish Republican Government, elected in 1936 by the overwhelming will of the Spanish people, it is necessary briefly to analyze the historical development of the U.S.-initiated change of attitude to Franco Spain on the part of the Western powers.

After the Allied victory, the countries that had participated in the war against Hitler insisted on classifying Spain as a defeated Fascist country. In August, 1945, the United States, the Soviet Union and Britain, in a tripartite statement, declared that they "would not countenance any application whatever which the present Spanish Government might make for admittance into the U.N." In the same year, at the Paris Conference to consider the status of Tangiers, a further statement was issued which declared that "Spain's participation in the organizational regime of the [Tangiers] Zone could not be admitted until Franco was replaced by a democratic regime."

At the Tripartite Conference in London in March, 1946, the United States, Britain and France declared that Franco Spain could not hope for "full and cordial association with the U.N." Indeed, the conference appealed, over the head of Franco, to "liberal-minded Spaniards to set up a provisional government." The French Government went even further by imposing an economic boycott on Spain and closing the Pyrenees frontier because "Franco Spain constituted a threat to peace." But, as already stated, the greatest condemnation of Franco Spain came from the American State Department in its White Book on Spain. This publication exposed Spain's relations with Hitler Germany and proved that it was Hitler, not Franco, who wanted a neutral Spain. It was this exposure which led to a diplomatic campaign against Spain in the U.N.—a campaign culminating in the expulsion of the Spanish delegates from all the international technical agencies.

In 1949, Spain's request for admission into the Atlantic Pact Organization was refused, as was its application for membership in the Council of Europe; and, despite the poverty of the Spanish people and the country's collapsing economy, it was completely excluded at America's request from the benefits of the



Green in the Providence Journal

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American European Recovery Program.

It was not until September 26, 1953, that a shift took place in the relations of a Western power and Franco Spain. The United States, without consulting Britain or France, decided to change its attitude to Spain because it wanted military bases on the Spanish side of the Pyrenees. On this day, the American Ambassador in Madrid and the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs signed three military aid agreements. The signatories indicated their desire "to contribute to the maintenance of international peace and security."

Thus America, the main bulwark of democratic freedom, heretofore contemptuous of Fascist Spain, changed overnight to high appreciation of dictator Franco. This development has continued. It reached its culmination in the visit by President Eisenhower to Madrid in December, 1959, which finally placed the seal of approval and esteem on Franco. However much American foreign policy has changed, there has certainly been no change in Franco Spain. It is still a legalized tyranny, with a Fascist dictator in power.

The recent visit of Lord Home, the British Foreign Secretary, to Portugal and Spain is part of the same campaign to appease Fascist dictatorships in the interests of military strategy, and while British public opinion would not countenance the entry of Franco into NATO, certainly other means were discussed to bring Britain and Spain into closer economic and military alignment. There is, for example, a possibility that the Royal Air Force will have the use of American bases in Spain.

Quite recently, the British Minister of Defense has talked about the need for wider dispersal of Western deterrent forces. This arises out of the difficulties of military flying over politically uncertain areas such as the Middle East and parts of Africa. The use of American bases in Spain would partly solve this difficulty. Further, a way out of the British-Spanish dilemma over NATO would be the signing of a treaty of mutual military aid between Britain and Spain similar to the 1953 agreement signed by the United States.

Any such agreements would create a welter of opposition in the British Parliament and in the country. There is even strong antagonism to Franco among Conservative members of Parliament because of his repressive measures against the Protestant church. Indeed, large sections of the Labour and trade-union movements have made their support for British defense policy conditional on the continued exclusion of Franco Spain. Moreover, British flirtation with Spain would certainly arouse acute suspicion of British intentions among the democratically minded peoples of the Scandinavian countries.

THE internal situation in Spain is becoming more and more difficult for the Franco regime. In both Catalonia and the Basque provinces, the Nationalist movements are openly opposing the government. Last year, 339 Basque Catholic priests signed a petition to Franco protesting against the imprisonment and torture of hundreds of Catholic citizens; early this year, a demonstration of agricultural workers protesting against low wages and high prices led to the arrest and imprisonment of thirty-two of their leaders. Every day opposition is mounting among the monarchists, Christian Democrats and the Christian Socialists. The most vigorous opposition is to be found among the young intelligentsia and the university students who, despite the vigilance of the security police, have been able to form a national students' organization. Last May, the British Broadcasting Corporation sent a television team into Spain. Many of Franco's opponents, including a former Minister of Information, were interviewed, and millions of British viewers witnessed for themselves the bold and almost desperate opposition of the Spanish people to the Franco regime.

The Spanish democrats' Defense Fund Committee, sponsored by the British Labour movement, has records on 1,900 Spanish political prisoners, hundreds of whom have been in prison since the end of the Civil War (and Franco insists that there are no political prisoners in Spain!). In the Burgos Central Prison alone, the number of political prisoners totals 299. Their sentences vary from fifteen to thirty years; scores of them have already served over twenty years. As I write, I have at hand the names, days of arrest, terms of imprisonment and time served of every single one of these 299.

In December, 1959, two days after the visit of President Eisenhower to Madrid, seventeen young Christian Democrats (Catholics) were tried for "military rebellion" before the Supreme Military Tribunal of Spain. Their crime was that, at a football match, they distributed leaflets condemning low wages and the high cost of living and declaring support for the abortive twenty-four-hour protest strike in July of that year. The judges were four generals, with an admiral presiding. None of the prisoners was allowed to be present during the proceedings. The leader among the youthful defendants, Julio Ceron, a Spanish diplomat who had represented Spain at the I.L.O., was sentenced to eight years' hard labor and is at present on a hunger strike in a Madrid prison. The other sixteen received sentences varying from six months to six years.

In the women's prison at Alcala de Henares there are ten women Christian Democrats serving sentences of from ten to thirty years. One, a student arrested in 1941 at the age of twenty, whose original death sentence was commuted to thirty years' imprisonment, has contracted tuberculosis during the eighteen years she has already served. Her crime: "political activities." Another woman, arrested at the age of twenty-two, has served eighteen years of a thirty-year sentence. Another woman, a nurse, arrested in 1941 at the age of twenty-one, is serving a thirty-year sentence for "distributing leaflets." Yet another, aged fifty-four, has served eighteen years of a thirty-year sentence and is now nearly paralyzed.

THERE is trouble for Franco even among his own armed forces. Two generals and a colonel have been put under house arrest in Madrid for making complimentary remarks about Fidel Castro. In Morocco, a number of officers of the Spanish

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Army were involved in a shooting affray which apparently followed a heated political discussion.

The uncertain position of the Portuguese dictator, Salazar, is having a profound effect on Spain's political future. If Salazar goes and if his regime is replaced by a democratic government, Franco cannot long remain in power. The alarm in Madrid and Lisbon over the Angola crisis led Foreign Minister Castiella to make a hurried visit to Portugal, where he discussed the matter with Salazar. In his speech in Lisbon after his talk with the dictator, Castiella declared:

> "We are here to make an act of affirmation. We have come to a meeting in which we want to continue to prove to the entire world the decision of two peoples, each with its own historical destiny, running parallel with the other. In the midst of universal disorder, perhaps because we stand firm and are not given to flabby efforts to excuse our own legitimate existence, a major attack has been mounted against Spain and Portugal.
>
> I think the world should reflect on the absurdity afforded by this new sterile Monroism which, heralded by lightly bandied slogans, wants to share out continents on a basis of exclusivism. . . .

General Franco himself affirmed Spain's solidarity with Portugal in his speech at the opening of the seventh session of the Cortes (Parliament) on June 3. "Her enemies are ours," he declared. Thus the Lisbon conference, the speech of Spain's Fascist Foreign Secretary and General Franco's statement link the destiny of Spain with Portugal's inevitable defeat in Angola.

In recent years, tens of thousands of Angolese people have been imprisoned, sent to concentration camps and exterminated. A cynical Portuguese major informed a correspondent of *Time* magazine: "I estimate we have killed 30,000 of these animals already. There are perhaps 100,000 of them in revolt and we intend to kill every one of them when the dry season starts late in May."

This criminal statement characterizes the real face of Portuguese colonialism. But no colonial power can maintain itself in Africa by such monstrous atrocities. If de Gaulle, with an army of 400,000 Frenchmen, could not defeat the Algerian rebels, what chance has poverty-ridden Portugal of subduing millions of Angolese who are now breaking the chains of a slave empire and are moving towards inevitable independence? The Salazar regime is not likely to weather its certain defeat in Africa; and the fall of Salazar will remove yet another of the shaky pillars which now uphold the Spanish dictatorship.

THE CROSSWORD ADDICT . . *by David Cort*

THE NEW world is already one where the American adult's leisure time, including sleep, is over three times his working time. He has typically been groomed for all this leisure by a fair amount of education, and it is often happily reported that in his leisure he is giving his expensive brains to intellectual pursuits.

And so one naturally inquires: which intellectual pursuits? A little observation soon shows that there is only one fairly universal form of intellectual activity pursued by at least one person in every second family. And that is crossword puzzles. Since this is indubitably true (and probably invisible to a conscientious foreign student of America), it is remarkable that the literature on the subject is frivolous, indulgent and cute.

Crossword puzzles are a little too big for that, since virtually every major newspaper in the United States today runs a daily crossword —after nearly forty years of what was once 1924's foolish fad. The thing has penetrated most civilized countries, including the Communist ones, where the clues embody the party line, and a puzzle constructor can land in jail for plotting a crossword by which "Socialist statesman" comes out unavoidably "Tito."

In America the main problem is familial. If two members of a family do the puzzle, they need two copies of the newspaper. One would suppose that the first solver could erase his answers, and pass the paper over to the second, but this is impossible, for interesting reasons.

PEOPLE do crossword puzzles for somewhat the same reason they become mathematicians and scientists: they know in advance that there is an answer. The rest of us steadily stare at problems for which, for all we know, there may be no answer at all, or one so unpleasant we do not want to know it just yet. We may suppose that this is a peculiarly contemporary climate, but it is probably eternal.

To the puzzle-solver, the existence of a perfect answer is guaranteed. In solving his problem, he rises entirely above the real world, where most problems have no perfect answer. Having filled in the last square, he can indulge a small sneer at all the unfinished puzzles around him, and perhaps bring to his own real problems some of the puzzler's patience and self-confidence. Or he may ruin his life by resenting the disorder of real problems, so slovenly and unfair as compared to crosswords.

But once the puzzle is solved, it is a dead issue. Nobody else in that family group wants to step in the first solver's dirty footprints. The fantasy that perhaps nobody else in the world could solve that puzzle has evaporated. It is now obvious that anybody could solve it. It has become an old joke, an obsolete issue, a used paper plate, a filled vacuum cleaner bag.

This may be part of the reason why mathematics and science some-

DAVID CORT'S frequent contributions to The Nation *have never heretofore reached as far as the puzzle page. Frank W. Lewis bids him welcome.*

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times bore the brightest students, the ones who want to invent their own solutions, and are depressed by the puzzles their predecessors have already solved. They want fresh crossword puzzles.

TO PEOPLE at all sophisticated in the language, crosswords may actually be an injury. When I am asked to give a four-letter word for "unusually great," my feeling for the language is not sharpened, but corroded, when I confront the answer "rare"; or for "absurd," "inept"; or for "eradicate," "epilate"; or for "recites," "says"; and so on. This is not a language one wants to use, and some of this debris may remain in the mind.

But surely some useful information is leaked out by crosswords. One can learn that a mythical king of Britain was Artegal, an ancient British historian Bede (again and again), the Asiatic goat antelope is a serow, church-land a glebe, a merganser is a smee or a smew, that cavalry is a deep chrome yellow, corporal an altar cloth, leister a fishing spear, a fanon is an orale, dorado is cuir, and so on.

Everybody has had the intuition that crosswords do not wholly explore the full possibilities of the language. The reason they do not has much to do with the construction of English words, which begin with a great variety of combinations. Short words also end with considerable variety. But medium and long words tend to end in a monotony of relatively few forms, the terminal letters being, E, D, H, L, N, R, S, T, W and Y, as can be seen in any paragraph in print. If one writes down four equal-length words offhand, the terminal letters are likely to form the word, eeee, or ssss, or seed. Thus a puzzle's least inspired words are to be found at the bottom and right hand side. Here, in a recent New York *Herald Tribune* Sunday puzzle were the words, seeders, tensest, endless, tigress and regents. But in this one, nearly every word ended in the easy letters, especially s and d, in a total surrender to tired professionalism. In such a morass of clichés, it does not save face to insert outrages like mantra ("devotional formula"), sulcus ("furrow"), labile ("plastic"), dalles ("canyon walls"), cassonade ("muscovado sugar") and tascos ("clays for melting pots").

The more notorious clichés come from the puzzler's need for numerous vowels in the middle of his words. And so we get Aaron, taal (Boer), arara (macaw), abaca (hemp), aga, kayak and umiak, taa (pagoda) and all the Latin genus names.

Now how do words begin? About half the words in a big dictionary begin with just five letters, S, C, P, A or T. A sixth of all words begin with S alone, more than the combined total of the eleven least-used letters. Possibly because the popular letters are heavily loaded with prefixes, sub-, con-, pre-, a-, trans-, they do not get proportional representation in crosswords. Instead crosswords tend to begin with the popular terminal letters.

The curious fact is that the cliché words have overrun all parts of the crossword puzzle, even where they give no special advantage. The jargon has very largely displaced the language, quite unnecessarily. For one must remember that there are a great many crossword reference books, listing the clichés in every convenient way. Of course, there comes a day when the puzzler is ashamed to use the cliché again, and it drops out of sight, as did aardvark. A new word like odometer will sweep all the puzzles and soon be beaten to death. It will have its life after death in the duller puzzles.

In a difficult puzzle, it certainly spoils the fun to go to a reference book before one has given one's memory every chance. But the old hands profess *never* to consult the dictionary or encyclopedia. This attitude has for me the color of a futile and diddling literacy.

First, in this way, these people make certain that they will never learn anything new. Second, such a pose is disrespectful of knowledge, or wholly cynical of the knowledge offered. Third, it is often unfeasible, as can be seen in several of the words given above. Nobody knows that reveille drum rolls are dians, nobody but Webster. Novices like myself (I ignored the intellectual life until several years ago) hold the vision of the perfect solution and also hope to learn something. All my solutions were for a time checked and perfect, but that glorious morning is fading. When one lacks the first letter of a three-letter word for yellow ocher, and combs through the dictionary to find that the word is sil, one is never quite the same again, quite so eager for the frontiers of new information. As the closets of the mind fill up with this rubbish, one may be troubled by one's inability to forget it all, to forget sil and elater and ret and tor and sorb and adit and seesee or ort and abb.

It is merely suggested that the puzzle constructors show some enterprising respect for the big dictionary, that is, for the whole language and tradition. For example, the word "great" is an amenable word for crosswords, and the dictionary offers such educational combinations as Great Assembly, The Great Beyond, great blue heron, great circle, great climacteric, great crested flycatcher, great enlightenment, Greater Mysteries, Great Goddess, Great Horde, Great Interregnum, Great Mother, Great Rebellion, et al. The dictionaries, the histories, the encyclopedias are filled with suitable and interesting words that have never been seen in crossword puzzles.

PERHAPS crossword constructors are not paid enough—from $10 to $25 a masterpiece. Perhaps the fault is that a quarter of the constructors are killing time in federal or state prisons, and the rest feel as if they might as well be in prison. Or the futility of crossword puzzles may stem straight from their origin.

This came in 1913 when an editor on the old New York *World* Sunday magazine section, Arthur Winn, decided to fill a little space with an adaptation of the old game, word squares, viz.:

W O R E
O P E N
R E A D
E N D S

To Winn had come, after several thousand years, the revolutionary thought that the down words did not absolutely have to be the same as the crosswords. He developed a puzzle page filled with word squares, enigmas, hidden words, rebuses, anagrams and his specialty, the "Cross

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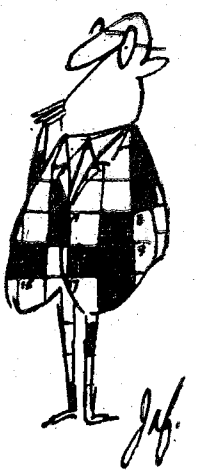
Word Corner," a crossword puzzle that looked very much like those of today, and seems now fairly difficult and amusing. The clichés were already in evidence: ret, ode, aver, haha (hedge in a ditch), Eli, etc. Some of his clichés have since been outlawed. But his colossal discovery slumbered for eleven years.

Then in 1924 two Columbia graduates, Simon and Schuster, wanting to be book publishers, wondered what to publish. An aunt of one, perhaps a stockholder, insisted on crossword puzzles. The boys called in Margaret Petherbridge, who later married John Farrar, another publisher, and she elaborated and formalized the crossword puzzle as it is known today. But it had been launched as a publishing gimmick whose success enraged old-line publishers. After nearly forty years it is clearly something more than that, it is much more "national" than baseball, but the cuteness, the dilettantism, the banality, the fun-fun-fun, still hold the crosswords in their grip. Mrs. Farrar, the editor of the most literate and unpredictable of the Sunday puzzles, in *The New York Times*, is a lone chatelaine of high standards. The *Times* did not give in to crosswords until February, 1942; perhaps as a reaction to Pearl Harbor.

The *Times* puzzle can be, on a given Sunday, easier than the *Herald Tribune* puzzle, but the former will always be challenging, the latter stupefying or exasperating. The construction of a crossword unconsciously reveals the maker's whole mental furniture, his reserves of knowledge and insight. If he is a victim of rote ("sound of the surf"), he will be inept ("absurd").

But, aha, there is another sort of crossword puzzle. One is in the London *Observer*, another is to be found in this magazine. They are supposed to be fiendish, but this is not fair. They simply do not work on a single set of rules, and they do not warn you which of their numerous sets of rules any given clue is geared to. The word fiendish describes more accurately the mood of the solver.

I am happy to say that I have licked *The Nation's* crossword, partly because I am good at anagrams and have some feeling for the language, but more importantly because I have a brother who is good at puns (but not anagrams) and sundry tricks. Beyond these assets, my recourse is to peck *The Nation* puzzle to bits. The subjective malevolence of the puzzle must be equaled by the solver's activist malevolence; no quarter is given, or should be expected. The immorality of this all-in combat might seem shocking in such a magazine, but there, inside the back



cover, the combatants stagger with net and dagger. (Somebody took twelve years to solve one puzzle in the London *Observer*.)

THE WORST problems in *The Nation's* puzzles are those where components of the answer word are hidden seriatim in a sentence or phrase of apparent gibberish. In these one-syllable or even one-letter components, for example, thousand is M, 54 is LIV, witticism is mot, mother is dam or ma, examine or look over is con, layer is hen, air is tune or song, interdiction is ban, debts spell ious, belief is ism, type is en, politician is MP, main is ocean, sea or mare, very loud is ff, turn is u, damage is mar, missing is shy, concerning is re, unknown is x, no longer or formerly is ex, etc.

Or the key words in the clue may be barely noticeable words, like in or about or around, signaling that the letters of one word are to be put around the letters of another.

Or the word up, or hoisted, may signal in a down word that the answer should be printed from the bottom up, that is, reversed. Thus, "hoisting the canvas possessed the blooming things" tells you frankly to run up the synonyms, sail and had, which, read down, spell dahlias. Or the word back, or return, on a crossword, clearly tells one to run the clue words backwards. What could be fairer?

Half a dozen answers in any *Nation* puzzle will be anagrams formed from one or more words. Sometimes these are signaled by the words mixture, makeup, battered, false, bad, confused, unusual, version, variety, in a way, possibly, a sort of, the hard way, etc. Thus, "cocaine mixture" candidly conveys "oceanic." How obvious can you get? But just as often there is no signal whatever. "To Caliban" equals botanical; "not solemn" somnolent; "limit is used, I'd" dissimilitude, "midair, etc." diametric, "if the orchestra's" ostrich feathers.

Or the answer word may lie outright in the clue, though hidden (as in the old New York *World* puzzle page), as the word eyesore is hidden in "maybe, yes, or even no."

Or the clue may be a reference to a famous quotation.

Or an outrageous pun, or combination of puns.

Or it may even be a straightforward, unbelievable statement of fact. And so on. But one does not know which set of rules obtains with the particular word.

My own procedure is to run down the clues looking for anagrams and obvious jokes. These give me a few letters with which to peck the crosswords out, trying various letters in each vacant slot. Often one has the right answer, and must then spend another half-hour figuring out why it is the answer.

EVERYBODY who works *The Nation* puzzle knows all the above. But I would like to say that its exhilarating feature is that it teaches one not to accept as final one's first rapid impression of what a combination of words seems to mean. It inculcates a savage suspicion, and a doubt of one's own impression. It trains one, after exhaustive research, to throw an eviscerated hypothesis out the window, and embrace, unexhausted, a new one. And in this puzzle the answer words are a compliment to one's

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normal intelligence and usually interestingly abnormal constructions in the language, e.g., usurper, eggcups, husband, and typically words beginning with vowels, but too often ending in -ing.

One might say that such puzzles are virtuous in demonstrating that the answers to anything are, properly, hard to come by. Once come by, it is true, the answer has no use, but one tends to keep it around, as athletes keep their trophies. At least I can get insane laughter out of almost anybody by quoting the clues and answers of *The Nation's* puzzles; and in this way I spread some happiness.

The Nation's crossword puzzle is a better puzzle because it excites more emotion. But any crossword puzzle can be a superb triggering device to interest the human mind in a word, name, or phrase which may open a door into the real world, present or past. It is no criticism of this device that it opens doors at random. In my opinion, there is no better way than by the accidental door to enter the area of human knowledge. My primary objection to the current crossword puzzles is simply that they open no, or few, doors.

So long as this remains true, it means that America's leisure life of the intellect will be transacted as a stale jargon in an airless room, in a conceited parade of a futile literacy. Hard words, alas!

THE FARMER and the COMMISSAR .. *Rexford Guy Tugwell*

REVOLUTIONS are hostile to agriculture. To be more precise, they effect either a loss of productivity or an increase too small for a growing population. The result is that nations attempting to carry out broad and deep social changes are constantly tormented by shortages of food and fibre.

There is no need to go into the evidence for this conclusion. The press for years has been reporting the facts; and the official attribution of blame to droughts, floods and other natural causes for almost annual famines, or threats of them, has become so patent an alibi that no one ought to be deceived. Something is wrong, and it is not an act of God.

Land reform, so called, often involves fractionization into relatively small units. If this goes too far, it results in holdings incapable of profiting from modern methods. Or, if the revolution is Marxist, the reform may call for the communization of the land — the formation of collectives or state farms. These have another difficulty: they are well suited to modern methods of farming, but they offend against the peasant sense of ownership. Moreover, they are apt either to expand beyond the possibility of being run efficiently in the present state of the managerial arts, or they offer tempting opportunities for graft. In either case, agriculture lags behind the rest of the economy, sometimes fatally.

The reasons why either fractionization or communization are espoused are various; but, roughly, the adoption of the one policy or the other stems from dogma — liberal dogma or Communist dogma. It is written in the liberal book that equality must be established regardless of ability; and the Communist doctrine calls for a state apparatus run by a bureaucracy to bring about the unitary society of its dreams.

It would appear, from the experience of more than four decades in Russia, that state ownership and management works in industry, and in its facilitating functions, quite as well as does our own free enterprise. In fact, the rate of growth there is a good deal more rapid than our own. But this is not true in agriculture. On the farms, our rate of growth is at least twice theirs. It is also nearly three times the rate of growth in our own industry. Since 1940 our human and material allotments to agriculture have declined some 30 per cent. And in that period total farm production has gone up 50 per cent. We must know something the other countries do not. We produce, year after year, surpluses so considerable as to be embarrassing; the Socialist countries have found no way to avoid chronic shortages.

OUR preoccupation with the Soviet Union as a competitor for world power has kept attention focused on the agricultural deficiencies there. But nations attempting to carry out liberal revolutions have also done badly. In some instances they have done worse. Consider Haiti. The revolution there was essentially a slave revolt. It dispossessed the colonial landholders and divided up their estates among the former slaves. One can still see crumbled outlines of the vast irrigation systems that made the land productive enough to be fought over. But their operation required a degree of central management, and fractionization resulted in such completely free enterprise that the peasants allowed these works to fall into ruin. For a hundred and fifty years Haitians have been coming closer and closer to complete demoralization, living from one day to the next in a state of near-starvation. Time after time, we have sent missions to carry out some scheme or to give advice. At present, there is even a plan for reconstructing the old colonial irrigation works; but the situation is still critical, and the long history of futility is certainly to be laid to fractionization.

There is no equally long record of collectivization. But Mexico made some experiments which are now thirty or forty years old; and it must

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be said that their success has not been notable. The collectives and state farms in Russia are, of course, the most representative example of this sort of reform. They were established on a very large scale; and they have been in existence for thirty or forty years. I myself saw and wrote about them as long ago as 1927. At that time the farms were just beginning to overcome the initial difficulties of organization — the peasant reluctance to accept a new pattern, the shortages of machines and other materials, the scarcity of experienced managers. Since then, enormous efforts have gone into the land — elaboration of research, distribution of breeding stock and plant material, training of agronomists, deluges of propagandistic education. But results are still unsatisfactory. Farms do not produce enough per acre, and they are even less productive per worker.

KNOWLEDGE of the difficulties inherent in both small free holdings and collectives led to a different approach in Puerto Rico when the social changes of the 1940s were put into effect. Several of the largest sugar estates were taken over; but instead of dividing up all the land and handing it over to small farmers, larger units were maintained (though not as large as the original holdings). These were called proportional profit farms; they were to be managed by experienced enterprisers, who were to be free except that the profits were to be divided between them and the workers. The units were large enough to use modern machinery, and it was hoped that a way had been found to effect "reform" without loss of productivity.

The hope was not fulfilled. Productivity did not hold up, and the whole system is in financial difficulty. Puerto Rico has not, for some time, filled its sugar quota, and sugar is still the most important of insular crops. The reason for this failure is that political, not technical considerations have governed policies and operations in the Land Authority. Workers are the voting supporters of the dominant party and they are over-favored. This has proved to be short-sighted favoritism. By comparison, for instance, with Hawaiian standards, where the old estate management is still maintained, Puerto Rican workers are much less well off — Hawaiian efficiency is superior. Puerto Rico is still so high-cost a producer that only a quota-subsidy arrangement keeps the sugar lands operating at all.

This is not a particular criticism of Puerto Ricans. It is what might happen in any democracy. But it is not the road to agricultural plenty. Still, the agricultural workers in Puerto Rico are better off than they were before the "revolution." This is also true in Russia; and if it is not true in China that is because there were no agricultural workers to speak of — only farmers or working tenants. I started by saying that revolutions are hostile to agriculture. I do not mean that they are hostile to farmers; their situation may very well improve while national production is decreasing. It may even improve *because* national production is decreasing.

This last is especially true under conditions of fractionization. Instead of a serf, the laborer becomes a small proprietor. He will use small amounts of capital, revert to hand labor, and in general use inferior productive methods. He may raise only the products his family needs, but the yield will all be his. His interest in a surplus above his own wants will be only as a medium to exchange for industrial products. These, in a revolutionary situation, are apt to be scarce and expensive; the farmer may feel that they are priced unfairly by state agencies. He will, in other words, withhold and contribute only reluctantly to national programs.

A fractionization policy — unless something prevents the usual progression — gradually moves toward consolidation as the poorer farmers lose their land to the better ones. These latter will want to operate as efficiently as possible. The displaced ones will drift to the city or become laborers. And if measures are taken to prevent this, inefficiency will increase and shortages will become an increasing problem as city populations grow.

The alternative to these difficulties, judging by results, is evidently to be found in the United States —

Herblock in the Washington Post

"This Concludes Another Lesson in Communist Cooking."

or, say, in France — where surpluses, not shortages, are the public problem. Part of our productivity can be traced to the empty lands of the West, settled so short a time ago. This was a gift of nature and not the result of good policy. But there is more to be said. It is true that, on the average of six years out of ten, floods of wheat flow from the same sort of cold and inhospitable northern plains that the Russians (and to a less extent the Chinese) have to rely on. But the vast supplies of protein come from the Mississippi Valley. Out of it, year after year, farmers send to market more food than Americans can eat — or than they can dispose of otherwise.

WHEN the organization of this production is studied, it can be seen how the system contrasts with both the fractionizing of the liberal revolutionists and the collectivizing of the Communists. First, it must be realized that the effective producers in the United States' population are now down to something like five per cent; this compares with about 38 per cent in Russia and much more in China. There are a lot more people living in rural circumstances, but their farms are marginal and are not of great significance to total production. This five per cent is not very different, in its operations, from the industrialists;

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its farms much resemble factories.

We have an agricultural problem, or rather we have many. The surpluses themselves give endless trouble. Our objection to planning and control makes them worse year by year. Then there are those rural families who cannot make a living from the land; and our other constant reproach — the migrant workers.

But, speaking strictly of national productivity, ours is a successful system. It rests on the application of power and machines and the elimination of labor. And it is in this that other systems are deficient, comparatively speaking. If fractionization results in units too small for modern operations, communization generates the difficult problem of incentive. It is harder to stimulate incentive in agriculture than it is in industry. Industrial workers can rise to foremanship and even to executive jobs. On a large collective, this is more difficult because of the technical knowledge needed to direct work in progress. Members of a collective cannot expect much in the way of advancement. They will always have to work as they are told by agronomists and other educated people who become a class in themselves. The very quantity of labor becomes a burden. We hear a good deal about the ant-like activities of the Chinese communes; and it is admitted by the Russians that they have found no way to dispose of unneeded people. So, although there is strong emphasis on national production goals, actually whatever is done in the countryside must incorporate all the people who were there before reorganization.

Often this last compulsion goes further and agricultural operations are clogged by discards from the factories and the towns. That the revolutionists do think of their collectives as work projects for the unemployed was underlined by a recent Associated Press dispatch from Cuba. On a certain day Castro conducted a party of journalists to one of the largest enterprises, and with a proud and possessive gesture, said: "Just look at this estate; a year ago it employed only two people; now six thousand work here." This may be more characteristic of an early stage of reform, but it points to something serious which cannot possibly be changed by less than a generation of expanded technical education. Peasants in increasing numbers must become surplus for agriculture, and their adjustment to city jobs will require continuing effort.

But the present extent of reliance on hand labor can be seen from recent dispatches. In China, millions of workers have been taken from industry and sent to the land in an effort to overcome the recent ravages of drought and flood. How these people can produce enough even to feed themselves is not apparent; and it may be guessed that, in fact, they will not. Any system that relies on new infusions of unskilled labor to increase national production will be unsuccessful.

IT HAS to be concluded that the basic troubles of Communist agriculture are too persistent and too glaring to be shrugged off as temporary. To hold out the American solution as a perfect one would be wrong, but it does have the advantage of flexibility. It allows technical considerations to determine the size of units and the amounts of capital and labor to be applied. Furthermore, it provides for delegation of authority in a way that bureaucracies have not been able to match.

Quite possibly, delegation is, after overmanning and faulty incentive, the third problem of communism. The tangle of authorities, the conflict of departments, the faults of coordination, we hear much about. And these seem inextricably mixed with ambitions and corruptions. It was apparently a policy of Stalin's to allow a good deal of liberty to the agricultural bureaucracy if it would subdue and keep reasonably quiet the inherently rebellious peasantry. This allowed some bad habits to shape themselves and become more or less permanent. They are having to be struggled with now.

These difficulties seem to me quite sufficient to explain the recurrent troubles we hear of. Until they are mastered — if they can be at all within the Communist formula — that sector of the world will not raise crops sufficient to feed and clothe itself.

LETTERS

(*Continued from inside cover*)

Washington his Defense Minister, Franz Josef Strauss, his best salesman, to "discuss the Berlin situation and general Atlantic alliance preparedness."

New York City — A. A. HELLER

Moonlight Blues

Dear Sirs: Regarding the article on moonlighting by Bergmann in the July 1st issue, I would like to touch on the situation here in Milwaukee. Many men from unionized shops have taken part-time janitorial jobs at rates of pay as low as $1.25 an hour from the horde of janitorial services that have sprung up, and from temporary help agencies. These outfits have persuaded retail establishments, office buildings and factories to allow them to do the regular janitorial maintenance work on a contract basis.

This relieves the employers of fringe benefits and paper work relating to unemployment, workmen's compensation and social security deductions. It has caused the layoff of thousands of older employees who formerly did this kind of work full time. These janitorial services hire only younger men who have a full-time job. It's almost impossible to unionize these outfits, as the part-time employee already belongs to a union on his main job.

Mail-order concerns here also have at least half of their work done by part-time workers who have other jobs, so these are unorganized. Such moonlighting . . . throws out of a job older men who cannot get work elsewhere. So far the only union to my knowledge that has made a serious attempt to put a stop to it is the UAW.

JAMES LEWITT, Sec'y Treas.
Wisconsin League of Senior Citizens
Milwaukee

What Rexroth Thinks

Dear Sirs: In reviewing *The Tropic of Cancer*, by Henry Miller (July 1 issue), Mr. Kenneth Rexroth refers to other reviewers as having quoted myself to the effect that "the trouble with Henry Miller is that he thinks he thinks."

As I have never read *The Tropic of Cancer*, nor commented upon the work of Mr. Miller, it appears either that Mr. Rexroth only *thinks* other critics think I think the trouble with Mr. Miller is that he thinks he thinks — or else a once-great mind has snapped.

Chicago — NELSON ALGREN

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Dogma and Roses: Russian Letters

Sidney Monas

MOSCOW is a heavy, ugly city, with a boiled-turnip flavor. For all its size and vitality, there is still some justice in the Leningraders' mocking reference to Moscow as "an overgrown village." For better or for worse, it seems almost untouched by the modern cosmopolitan imagination.

The cultural and intellectual life of the city is extensive. There are, for example, twenty-six professional repertory theatres. The guidebooks proudly enumerate the libraries, museums, publishing houses, reviews, bookstores, cinemas, culture clubs; and their number is even more staggering if one thinks of the myriad amateur and semi-amateur organizations that supplement them. There is also something heavy, peasantlike, in all this culture-consciousness.

One sees, everywhere, little crumbs of comfort, concessions to consumer demand that were either not visible or incomplete five years ago: the soft-drink vending machines on the streets, with their single much-used drinking glass, the expensive imported shoes and horn-rimmed spectacles, the new, more European cut of clothes, and above all the miles and miles of recently completed apartment buildings. The Russians patiently tolerate a slowly improving, but still very difficult present. It is only when they talk of the future that their eyes dazzle and they turn visionary.

THE ARTS, like the creature comforts, have improved in the last few years. One can find once again in the pages of Russian fiction recognizable human beings confronted with human problems. To some extent, audience demand for an art with which it is possible to identify, the writers' demand for freedom to depict honestly experience meaningful to them, have been granted a cautious license. But here, too, expectation outruns fulfillment; and in a curious way, the fierce expectation of a better material future has served to *diminish* the honesty and candor with which present reality is confronted in works of art. Even in the best and most serious new fiction, with its interest in the private, the psychological, the problematic, the irresoluble, a dreamy optimism about the future tends to intrude, turning an otherwise "hard," objective story sentimental.

Here is a passage from a short story, "Before the Holiday," by Iury Nagibin. An old man is listening to evening sounds in a village he visits annually:

> When he had come here for the first time eight years ago, the painful silence and emptiness of the small, poor settlement, squeezed between the river and the peat bog, had struck him. Then, peat had been mined only for the needs of the neighboring town. Pitiful and lost, the whistle of the peat monkey-engine had sounded only twice a day. Impassable roads had frightened off would-be fishermen. Visitors almost never came. . . . Few of the villagers owned cows. Only very rarely, as though to remind people that there was such a thing as music in the world, some drunk, staggering along the railroad tracks, strummed a balalaika. Now, however, the highway sang its song, the river sang, the peat-works which spread to the horizon sang, music itself sang, the bells of sleek cattle sang a milk song, and all these harmonized in the common song of the villagers' new day. . . . The children of this little settlement surrounded by swamps and forests had the future on their shoulders. They would be masters of that amazing age he would no longer see. He sensed this in everything: the absorbing passion with which Vit'ka polished the car; Kol'ka's fierce participation in the great tasks of mankind, from tracing primitive remains to launching rockets at the moon; and that sharp and sensitive variousness with which Natasha took life on. . . .

This passage has intruded itself upon a sensitive story, which is essentially about a girl's coming of age. Lest the humor and sadness of the girl's experience seem either too painful or too trivial, the author dissolves it in a rosy projection of ever-increasing Socialist prosperity. This "futurization" of literature is not so crude as "propaganda" in the old sense of Stalin's time, but it obviously serves the purposes of propaganda. To what extent it is imposed from above, or is the result of audience demand, or a weakness of writers themselves, a failure of nerve, is difficult to judge. No doubt, all three influences are at work.

ALONG with this concentration on the future, there has been an awakening of interest in the Russian past, originating in the nationalist revival of wartime years. It has become intellectually fashionable. Not everyone, now, who spends hours in an old church is either religious or a foreign tourist. The regime's efforts to restore ancient buildings and icons have been rewarded by a flood of native tourism. It is fashionable now to know something about the works of Rublev and Daniil Cherny and Rastrelli, about the merchants of Novgorod and the princes of Tver and Vladimir. During Easter Services at the Old Believers' Church in Moscow, I saw a scholarly gentleman explaining the liturgy to a group of students. Bareheaded in the golden light of the thousands of candles, they did not hold candles themselves or join in the responses, but listened attentively and looked with absorbed curiosity at the piles of wrapped Easter bread brought to be blessed, at the almond eyes of the *Bogomateri* icons and the flowing white beard of the Old Believer priest.

Not long ago, a talented young poet, Vladimir Soloukhin, already the author of two travel books about exotic countries, decided to embark on a rediscovery of the Vladimir region, in the heart of old Russia, where he was born. His book about the trip, *Vladimir Trails*, has been popular. Observations on the life of collective farms blend with appreciation of old monuments; both are vivid and intelligent. His feeling for the area, its material failures and successes, its history and future, are genuine and sympathetic. It is curious, however, that as an artist himself, and a journalist with a critical flair, he fails to confront the ponderous architecture of today with the lightness, simplicity and rightness of proportion that distinguished the

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SIDNEY MONAS, a member of the Smith College faculty, is the author of Third Section: Police and Society in Russia under Nicholas I (*Harvard University Press*). *Mr. Monas has just returned to Rome, where he is spending this year, from a two-month visit to the Soviet Union. He is now completing a book on the image of the family in Russian literature from Pushkin to Pasternak.*

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old Vladimir style. And how can a taste that warms to the soft faces and graceful figures of Rublev tolerate what passes for contemporary painting?

The distant past is the object of intense, if somewhat antiquarian interest, but the immediate past receives less attention. The questioning of many if not all aspects of Stalinism, the manifest hunger for self-expression, the sturdy claims for private autonomy and nonconformity, the interest in private life as such — so violently infringed upon by the totalitarian state — these things colored more than a few Russian books that appeared between 1954 and 1956, lent them an excitement Soviet literature had not possessed for a long time. The questions that were asked in 1956 are still being asked, but they seem now to have become rhetorical. The answer is always: "Beria did it." Nonconformity has become a kind of pose, more or less expected of young writers, who must nevertheless not push it too far. A case in point is the new film by Chukhrai, *Clear Sky*, which, many Russians told me, "tells what we lived through."

The most talented of the younger film directors, Chukhrai is already well known for his two previous films, *The Forty-First* and *Ballad of a Soldier*. *Clear Sky*, in spite of unnecessary technicolor and a number of other flaws, is a bold and moving film. At the end, however, it turns dishonest; the rosy future seeps through.

A starry-eyed young girl falls in love with an older man, a professional flier. The war comes. They have an affair. He goes off to the front, leaving her pregnant and alone. She hears on the radio, not long after having her baby, that he has been shot down in action and awarded a posthumous medal. The war ends. Then, one day, as from the dead, the aviator returns. It seems he was not killed, but taken prisoner; and this causes everyone except the girl (now his wife) to regard him with suspicion. He was a Communist and it is believed that the Germans killed all party members unless they collaborated. (Stalin's profound sense of insecurity, and his suspicion of those millions of Russians who had been prisoners of war or slave laborers in Germany, was translated into an official policy that fomented distrust throughout the Soviet Union, the background of postwar totalitarian repression, and for Russians still one of the bitterest memories of that period.) His medal is withdrawn, and with it his party membership. He is not allowed to fly and takes to drink.

Then there is a spectacular but deplorable shot of ice-floes swept rapidly down a swift river. The thaw has come! The aviator reapplies for party membership. He walks out of party headquarters to his waiting wife, looks at her speechlessly, tears in his eyes, then opens a clenched fist to show her, triumphantly, in the palm of his hand, his medal. The last scene shows him hurtling through the wild blue yonder in a new jet plane while his wife awaits him tenderly below.

The film has many fine scenes: women waiting at a wintry railroad station for their menfolk aboard a troop train that may or may not stop; lovers chasing each other with snowballs across a desolate wartime park, catching the attention of grim old women whose eyes light up; a woman sinking into a fit of hysterics amidst her kitchenware; the flier's return home. But the happy ending is monstrous. As long as the instructive light of the immediate past remains so thoroughly blanketed, the immediate future is not likely to be all that rosy.

FOR THE theatregoer, Moscow has much to offer. The long-sustained tyrannical influence of the Moscow Art Theater, with its rigid academic preservation of the Stanislavsky tradition, is still strong, but not unchallenged. Across the language barrier, Russian audiences have been able at least to catch a glimpse of the quite different traditions presented by foreign companies — the Piccolo Teatro, Jean-Louis Barrault, the Berliner Ensemble and the Chinese Opera. The foreign plays selected for performance in Russian translation indicate a broader range of the politically and stylistically permissible: Brecht, Sartre, Arthur Miller, Tennessee Williams. The Theater of Satire, with its revival of Mayakovsky's *The Bedbug*, has attempted a return to the Meyerhold tradition, which opposed that of Stanislavsky and was long in disfavor. Iury Zavadsky recently turned the elegant new building of the Mossoviet Theater into a full-blown renaissance carnival, a great party, with dancing, fortune-telling, sword-swallowing, attempting to provide an authentic framework for his production of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. The talented young director, Efremov, has initiated a new, experimental "little theatre," the Contemporary, aiming to liberate acting from that prevalent academicism which seems always to be flashing the grandiose announcement: "This is a classic, and don't you forget it." Design, direction, acting in the theatres of Moscow are various and often exciting. They suffer only one prominent lack. There are no good new Russian plays.

This past season's hit was a play called *The Irkutsk Story*; two simultaneous productions played to full houses, and one was finally sent to Paris as a prestige item. The author, Arbuzov, a former Stalin Prize-winner, has adapted himself skillfully to the new atmosphere, blending a sense of intimacy and domestic detail against the background of that omnipresent rosy future, in a locale admirably suited for it — a construction

The Tenth Poem of Love

(from the Spanish of Pablo Neruda)

We have even lost this darkness.
No one can see us at dusk holding hands
while a blue night falls on the earth.

From my window I watch
the far hills and the west wind feasting.

Sometimes a piece of the sun
flares in my hands like a coin.

I remember you with your soul shut tight
in the sadness of knowing me.

Where are you now?
In what country?
Speaking what words?

Why should so much love come on me all at once
when I feel so sad and you so far distant?

The book has fallen that I always take up in the evening,
and my robe is rolled at my feet like a wounded dog.

Always always to feel you gone on these evenings
moving away where the darkness swallows its statues.

JEROME ROTHENBERG

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project in the "new lands" near the city of Irkutsk. The play's central figure is a capricious girl, whimsical, unconventional, even just a little shocking — a type the Russians seem to find irresistibly attractive. She learns, during the course of the play, that the only way to overcome a personal tragedy is to plunge oneself into "building communism." She must begin with physical work like mixing concrete, which is more ennobling than clerking in a store behind counter and abacus. She must learn to appreciate the Group. Eventually, she will learn a profession and find herself in an executive position. "I even hear," she exclaims not long after becoming a widow, "that on one of the Volga projects there's a woman who supervises a whole crew!" The play ends with her happily receiving her first pay check.

The production of *Irkutsk* is "modernist"—a minimum of scenery, a plank leading out into the audience across which the actors take their entrances and exits, an informal chorus — all reminiscent of Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*, in its casual, sentimental wheedling of the audience into an intimate participation and identification.

In fact, the audience "identified" like mad. Not only was applause wild and sustained; during intermissions, as I wandered along the broad creaking corridors lined with pictures, in the buffet, in the "museum" (part of almost every Russian theatre), in the smoking-halls and cloakrooms, I heard nothing but enthusiastic exclamations, sometimes even through tears. There was something touching in the response this shabby play could arouse.

FOR lightness of touch, there is nothing quite like the puppet theatre of Sergei Obraztsov — in Moscow or, indeed, anywhere. Here is a unique world of the imagination, with a charm, an ingenuity, an inventiveness that never seem to fail. Obraztsov is not a product of the thaw; the master illusionist has been drawing people into his puppet world for more than twenty years. Perhaps because puppetry may seem to bureaucrats a minor art, perhaps because it is difficult even for a bureaucrat to resist his charm, he has survived unscathed.

This season, the outstanding play of Obraztsov's never very large repertory was called *The Divine Comedy*, a gentle spoof of the Creation story, combining live actors with puppets. It might easily have turned into vulgar anti-religious farce, but did not.

God the Father (a muddled but kindly old peasant) and two angels awake in the clouds. God asks: "What's new?" The angels shrug their wings: "How can anything be new? there *isn't* anything. . . . And you call yourself a Creator!" Thus the world begins. The stylized comedy of God and the angels is nicely balanced by the puppets, Adam and Eve, who seem more poetic and human than the live actors. Even the relatively didactic second act, in which Adam and Eve assert their independence and strive for autonomy in the catastrophic world outside Eden, is a welcome relief from "the rosy future" — it rejects benevolent tutelage in favor of painful independence.

Sometimes Obraztsov infuses a lyrical strain into the fun and pure play of his productions. Sometimes he indulges in rather innocuous satire. He does not attempt tragedy or drama. Certainly, he is serious as well as delightful; but his theatre has limitations.

If Moscow's theatre-going public is large, it is as nothing compared with the reading public. Poets and writers often give public readings of their work to jammed houses, and unpublished youngsters declaim their usually bad poems on holiday evenings under the Mayakovsky statue to more than casual listeners. But the main thing is still the printed word. Nowhere are libraries and bookstores so thoroughly *used*. A new book of poems by Evtushenko, the *enfant terrible* of the thaw and darling of the bobby-soxers, may be printed in 30,000 copies and sold out in three days. One does not simply browse in a Russian bookstore; one burrows. This is true in spite of the fact that most of the books are either under glass, out of sight or out of reach — frustrating manifestations of the seller's market. If one asks casually for a title, they are sure not to have it; if one asks for several, indicating some knowledge and judgment as well as intense interest, one may be taken into the storeroom and shown the treasures. "This will interest you. . . . The author 'sat' [i.e., in prison] many years. . . ." Or: "This book tells what we lived through."

Russian taste and knowledge of American literature depend largely on what the publishing houses and reviews select to translate. Jack London, Ethel Voynich, Mitchell Wilson still command the largest and most enthusiastic audience. Hemingway and Dreiser remain popular. Recently — a promising fruit of the cultural exchanges—editors have shown increased daring and imagination in the selection of American writers; outstandingly, Salinger, who is a great success.

What can a Soviet citizen make of *The Catcher in the Rye* or "To Esme, with Love and Squalor"? For one thing, Russians tend to be sentimental about innocence, and the "myth of childhood" appeals to them. Though the context may seem remote and exotic, the poignant attempts of Salinger's children and childlike heroes to establish honest relationships in a thoroughly dishonest, routinized, time-serving world are by no means foreign or unsympathetic to the Soviet reader. The "phony" is the enemy of youth, in the Soviet Union as elsewhere. And people feel deeply (if vaguely and inarticulately) the encroachment of empty, hypocritical, formulaic modes of language and behavior on their most cherished, most intimate relations—the problem of style, the problem of communication.

Whether or not Salinger has influenced them, a number of recent Soviet writers and poets have shared his characteristic concerns. Iury Nagibin who, like Salinger, writes best about children and adolescents, recently published a story called "Echo," in which a boy betrays a deep and innocent relationship by yielding to a conventional view of it. Victor Nekrasov in his war stories, Iury Kazakov in his prose sketches, Evtushenko and Andrei Voznesensky in their poems, vibrate with a common concern for sincerity and dramatize the difficulties of communication. In a literature that is darkened by rhetoric, crude nineteenth-century psychologizing, and above all by that corrupting sentimentality of the future, these are the brighter tokens; the hope.

WHILE Moscow has grown about five times larger since the revolution and is surrounded by hundreds of suburbs which are tending to consolidate into a single stone-heavy whole, Leningrad has grown only a little and has no suburbs. The heart of the city is built in "architectural ensembles," whole blocks that are of a piece but not of a sameness. The buildings are low and graceful, late rococo or neo-classical in style; and an occasional high spire like the dazzling gilt needle-tip of the Admiralty soars up into an enormous sky. The strangeness of the light (in spring, it is almost always either dawn or dusk), the prevalence of water, the immense open vistas, the clever bridges, the docks, the visible presence of the imperial past, the sense of Europe near and yet so far: these bestow on Leningrad a romantic, haunted quality.

While Moscow's inhabitants are, most of them, new to the city, Leningrad is urban to the core and its crowds move with a lighter foot. And yet "urban" in an old-fashioned nineteenth-century

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sense. It is a city — perhaps the only one in Russia — with a genuine sense of tradition. Leningrad is a community.

DRAMATIC in itself, Leningrad nourishes the theatre. On the whole, the audience is more sophisticated than Moscow's, but it has its weak points. It responded enthusiastically, for example, to Vera Panova's new play, *Farewells to White Nights*.

Panova, who has written some excellent stories and novels, has turned out what seems to me an unscrupulous play. It deals with a not too bright young lady who is about to leave Leningrad for the new lands. The white nights are at hand. There is dancing in the streets, balloons and refreshments; in the wee hours of the morning, crowds are still strolling along the river, and the drawbridges are up, silhouetted black against the eerie sky. The girl meets a young man, who asks her to dance. He speaks "poetically" about the city, invokes its romance and sensuality, and seduces her. She decides to stay on, prolonging her affair with the young man, who is lazy, a philanderer, a liar and a thief. In the face of every betrayal, she insists that "love can work wonders" and hopes that her loyalty will reform him. She has a child by him, but he refuses to marry her. Finally, the philanderer's ex-wife and a serious young student between them persuade her that the best thing she can do is leave the city for the virgin lands. She must forget her dream of personal fulfillment through love, and like the heroine of *The Irkutsk Story*, plunge herself into "building communism." She picks up her child and leaves.

On the one hand, the play lavishes a certain eloquence on the poetic atmosphere of Leningrad. On the other hand, it insists didactically that real life goes on somewhere else, on the frontier. Panova implies that there is something self-indulgent, corrupt, basically selfish, basically unintelligent in the attitude Leningraders have toward their city.

The genius of Leningrad's theatrical world is N. P. Akimov, director of the Theater of Comedy. Designing sets, posters and costumes, as well as directing, he is original and inventive enough to work minor miracles even with mediocre plays. Fortunately, he has been able to retrieve at least one Soviet masterpiece from the "dustbin of history."

Eugene Schwartz, who lived in Leningrad and worked closely with Akimov, wrote a number of fairy-tale plays, usually borrowing his motif from Hans Christian Andersen, but de-sentimentalizing it, adding and improvising. His work is witty and satiric, if sometimes overly whimsical. Since his death, Schwartz's plays have been enjoying a revival, and I saw two produced in Moscow: *The Snow Queen* and *The Emperor's Clothes*, neither entirely successful. Two other Schwartz plays have a high reputation among intellectuals: *The Dragon* and *The Shadow*. *The Dragon* has never been produced. Akimov produced *The Shadow* for the first time in 1940, but was soon forced to withdraw it. Later, both Schwartz and Akimov came under an official cloud. Recently, Akimov has revived this play and, in his production, it is the most exciting work on the Soviet stage.

A young scholar takes up quarters in a fairy-tale country. The royal princess, who has been living incognito, appears on a balcony where he sees her and falls in love with her. Reluctant to approach her himself, he sends his shadow. The liberated shadow, who has long harbored a grudge against his master, begins to act in his own right, turns the princess against the scholar, and marries her himself. He assumes power in the country and rules tyrannically. He cannot, however, slough off an inner sense of bondage and subservience. He feels he must either subdue or destroy the scholar. A struggle ensues, in which the courtiers, prominent citizens and the princess herself, in spite of professed sympathy for the pure-minded scholar, inwardly prefer the tyrannical shadow to rule them, and at crucial moments betray the scholar's cause. In a great climactic scene, the shadow orders the scholar's execution; but as the blade falls, his own head rolls to the floor.

The audience, though large and approving, seemed to feel awkward with the play, either because it was too daring or because they did not understand it. But I have heard Akimov speak to a student audience at Leningrad University, and there *The Shadow* was obviously regarded as the event of the season. The genial director had no trouble in establishing rapport with his listeners. He spoke freely and frankly concerning the difficulties of producing satire. "Someone always asks," he said, "'what would a foreigner think?'" Or, again: "Put three characters on a stage, of which one is an idiot; someone invariably identifies with the idiot." He urged a theatre more cosmopolitan in taste, more various in range, less bound by academic or "realistic" conventions. His sincerity was as striking as his wit. The students applauded wildly.

Some time later, I read a flowery review in a Leningrad newspaper of one of Akimov's more dubious, less successful productions. I confessed to a student friend that I found this particular review overenthusiastic. I was puzzled, too, that the reviewer, obviously one of the bureaucrats of culture, should let slip an excellent, even a just, opportunity to swat at a gadfly.

"The rumor is that word has gone down," the student explained. "Akimov is not to be touched." That will serve, perhaps, as a final paradoxical comment on the nature of the thaw.

The Heart of Civilization

THE CITY IN HISTORY. Its Origin, Its Transformations, and Its Prospects. By Lewis Mumford. Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc. 657 pp. $11.50.

Herbert J. Muller

"MEN come together in the city to live," wrote Aristotle; "they remain there in order to live the good life." They invariably pay a considerable price for its benefits, however; the city has always bred inhumanity too, earned its natural fate of decay and death. This is the ambiguous story that Lewis Mumford tells at length, in a richly documented, handsomely illustrated volume detailing the history of the city in the Western world from the neolithic village to the contemporary megapolis.

Given the vast formlessness and basic aimlessness of megapolis, there is some need of rehearsing the obvious values of urban life in the past. From the beginning, the city was the indispensable civilizing agency, in Mumford's terms at once a container, a magnet and a transformer. Through large-scale cooperation it produced both more material and more spiritual abundance. In a symbolic world of man's own it stimulated creativity, enlarged consciousness, enhanced life. Even its meanest inhabitants might feel emancipated as they identified themselves with the power and radiance of the city, while the more fortunate could more directly, consciously fulfill themselves. Out of the city emerged personality, the conscious effort at self-realization, the very ideal of the "good life." In particular, the glory that was Greece came primarily

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out of the classical *polis*, the freest, fullest realization of the ideal potentialities of urban life.

As for the familiar costs—congestion, over-specialization, regimentation, repression, etc. — these were up to a point inevitable; but Mumford dwells much more on the evils that in his view were not strictly necessary. The city began as the center and symbol of power, represented by its citadel and its walls, concentrated in the hands of despots allied with the priests of gods as despotic. Its rulers not only exploited their own people, but warred on other people; among the distinctive creations of the city were the institutions of war and slavery. And such abuses of power became more pronounced as the city grew and prospered, a development which helps to explain why it never prospered indefinitely; as a major destructive agency, it invited its own destruction. Most inhuman were the great imperial cities, monuments to megalomania. Worst of all was ancient Rome: a monstrous, cankerous, parasitic overgrowth, the ultimate in urban folly and evil — until the modern megapolis.

MUMFORD'S book is, accordingly, much more than a sidelight on history. It indeed has a great deal of intrinsic interest, far more fascinating detail than a reviewer can do justice to; but since the city has always been the main stage of activity—political, economic, religious, cultural — his study of it comes pretty close to the heart of the history of civilization. Readers of his earlier books will know that he is pre-eminently qualified for a work of such immense scope, not only as a specialist in the study of cities, but as a historian of technology, a literary and art critic, and a humanist aware of the curse of specialization.

In view of this scope, one is bound to find some fault with his history. I should conscientiously remark a deal of simplification due to his violent revulsion against the materialism and mechanism of our own society. He tends to sentimentalize the early village, as "woman writ large"; he finds the secret of the Greek achievement in Olympia, Delphi and Cos, though Greek culture first flowered in the busy commercial cities of Ionia; he gives too idealistic an account of early Christianity in contrast to Rome, and of the early medieval city in contrast to the modern one; he can say that "the key" to the city is the religious procession; and so on.

More serious issues are raised by Mumford's characteristic missionary spirit. Though he makes an obvious effort to be scrupulously fair as well as accurate and exhaustive, he writes from beginning to end as a frank, unabashed evangelist, now fired by a desperate sense of urgency. Hence his frequent vigor and eloquence, and also his frequent repetitiousness and habitual overstatement; he is not given to subtlety or ironic reserve, any risk of the reader's missing his point. And though his cause is humane, his fervor generous, his sense of urgency certainly justified, they make for a lopsided history, especially of our own civilization.

Thus he gives a rather sketchy, perfunctory account of the benefits that have come with the growth of nations, free enterprise, science and technology, democracy, and the industrial revolution, warming up chiefly in some professional tributes to the planners of the "baroque city." He writes much more fully and vividly about the attendant evils, including the "imperious contempt" of the baroque for human needs. He may therefore give the impression that Western civilization reached its apex in the early medieval city, and ever since has been declining. Sometimes he sounds much like Oswald Spengler.

However, Mumford by no means shares Spengler's deterministic, fatalistic view of history. The very point of his insistence on all the abuses of our growing power is that we can and must do something about them. In my judgment, his animadversions are considerably more than half-truths, and however over-insistent, are still that part of the truth that most needs to be said.

HE HAS the further excuse that the city and the bulk of its inhabitants suffered most conspicuously from the commercialism that has dominated our society in recent centuries, and is still generally taken for granted as simple "human nature," when not the bulwark of our freedom. With the rise of the capitalistic market economy — something quite new in history — the city was more and more turned over to speculators and other businessmen, operating solely for private profit, with little restriction by the traditional communal controls, as little eye to the communal good. The rise of industrialism, which

George Fox (1624-1691) from His Journals

Who had openings within
as he walked in the fields

(and saw a great crack through the earth)

> who went by eye across hedge & ditch toward the spires of the steeple-houses, until he came to Litchfield, and then barefoot in the market place, unable to contain, crying out,

and among friends
of much tenderness of conscience,
of a spirit by which all things might be judged
by waiting
for openings within which would answer each other

(and after that crack, a great smoke)

> and in a lousy stinking place, low in the ground, without even a bed, among thirty convicts, where he was kept almost half a year, the excrement over the top of his shoes,

as he gathered his mind inward,
a living hope arose

(and after that smoke, a great shaking)

> but when he heard the bell toll to call people to the steeple-house, it struck at his life; for it was like a market-bell, to call them that the priest might sell his wares,
>
> such as fed upon words and fed one another with words until they had spoken themselves dry, and who raged when they were told, "The man in leather breeches is here . . ."

a tender man
with some experience
of what had been opened to him.

GAEL TURNBULL

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then created by far the wealthiest, most powerful society in history, also created the foulest, most degraded city. And if Mumford again fails to emphasize sufficiently the response to this degradation, the growing effort to provide better housing, sanitation, health services, playgrounds, etc., he again has some excuse in the subsequent monstrous growth of a still predominantly commercial metropolis.

With this, he observes, the ambiguous history of the city has culminated in a terrific expansion, ever more rapid and dynamic, and more automatic, rigid, purposeless, impotent. It is typified by the obsession of city planners with the automobile, the endless building of freeways that keep eating up more city space to produce more congestion, until two-thirds of the center of Los Angeles, for instance, is taken up by streets, garages and parking lots. (One may recall a recent plan that won some attention by a bold proposal to regard the pedestrian as a human being.) Above all, the radical contradiction of the early "citadel" has culminated in the atrocious power of the hydrogen bomb, threatening the existence of the race.

At the end, Mumford returns to the obverse of this contradiction. Originally a symbolic world, the big city is now in fact a world center. It has not only created the typical institution of the museum but become itself a potential museum, possessing an immense wealth of cultural resources, and the technical means of circulating its wealth, communicating it to the rest of the world. Add the remarkable range and variety of its voluntary organizations, and it might realize the ideal functions of the city in extending cooperation, enlarging consciousness, and enhancing life.

So I am sorry to add that Mumford's conclusion is a little lame. While it expresses the optimism natural to the evangelist, it hardly supports this with a concrete demonstration of the possibility of building up a "multi-centered system of control," or of converting the big city into a genuine community, a civilized neighborhood. (What in the world can be done now with Los Angeles?) He remains more eloquent in indignation or alarm than in hope. But in tribute to his gallant spirit, I should say that at least he points to real opportunities, and that while there is so much varied life there is some reason to hope.

In Love With Africa

THE ADVENTURES OF MAUD NOAKES. Edited by Alan Neame. New Directions. 159 pp. $3.75.

Desmond Stewart

Funny bones decay as quickly in the grave as other perishable and pleasurable parts. Oedipus' miseries remain; but who laughs at Plautus? The publishers of this first novel "believe that it will be compared to the best comic writing of Ronald Firbank and Evelyn Waugh." The publishers of those established humorists may have similarly whistled in the dark, invoking previous paragons.

This reviewer's funny bone, unvibrant to Chaplin, vibrated embarrassingly as he read of Maud. Humor is capricious, personal and of its time. Others might find Maud heartless; some might be bothered by finding so many clergymen in women's clothes; others might dislike a syntax untouched by Hemingway.

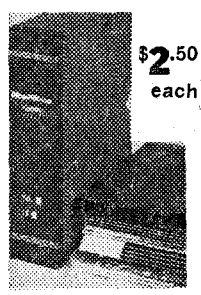
But beyond, or through the mannerisms, Mr. Neame has created in Maud a superb comic personality, a fortyish Negrophile spinster, a mirror-image of the white Memsahibs of the past. Maud burns bodices and French-manufactured loincloths, ruins a Jesuit mass with "the calculated detonation of a pressure cooker containing a quart of sterile fluid at boiling point," is offered by a grateful chief her choice of naked paramours. Selecting the most strapping of these, she returns to a poor quarter of Amsterdam, there to write her Report and to live with Senegalese Noah until the arrival of her enemy—Mother. Mother is luckily raped by Noah and temporarily there is truce. Then more explosions, more preposterous travels.

Anyone who reads this book will have a new term of reference in describing a certain type of woman, often Anglo-Saxon, always alarming. The "Maudian" world inverts all values with pompous assurance. "I would not insist on the superiority of the Black Races were I not utterly convinced from personal experience of the inferiority of the White." Maud's egoism encompasses a continent: "Through the windows the stars shone brighter and brighter until it seemed that my oath was writ in diamonds on the sky: MY AFRICA, ALL FOR THEE."

The Italian weekly *Epoca* recently mourned an Italian missionary "flagellated and crucified like Jesus" in Angola. One must admire the courage with which Padre Angelo died for *his* Africa. Yet can courage excuse collusion with a ruthless regime? To bring a metaphysical structure of which you are convinced: does that give you the right to substitute your own mores for a native culture, lacking your weapons? In the Belgian Congo there were African priests, but no African officers, doctors, lawyers or sanitary inspectors. In Anglican Africa native culture withers in favor of a vulgar puritanism; shabby khaki ousts traditional robes and traditional purity.

Despite her absurd zeal, Maud Noakes embraces, in her indignation against the missionaries, a tradition which would have amused Dean Swift and to which Defoe, in the stocks, belonged. "I say: Trade on your panther grace in the pest-holes of Europe for a dozen years and our white death will lay *you*. Get back!" In this exaltation of Négritude, Mr. Neame is an Anglo-Saxon drum in what may become a cosmic tattoo.

DESMOND STEWART is a British journalist now living in Egypt. He is the author of Turmoil in Beirut.



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Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

Time and Self

Time in Literature by Hans Meyerhoff (California, $1.50) is one of the best of several recent books on a dominant concern in contemporary fiction and poetry. It examines the major elements of time in literature and human experience as presently conceived, attempts an explanation of the current interest in time and explores the implications of the divergent literary and scientific concepts and metrics.

The "modern" concept of time has two large divisions. The first, here slightly treated, is related to Newtonianism and the substantialism which in historical and non-scientific thought viewed all men as essentially alike and each man as permanent and unchanging. In this context novelists cared little for character development and saw early adventures, of Fielding's Tom Jones for example, as symptoms of a character which by the end of the story had revealed itself fully, not worked itself out.

The second and more complex modern view of time is related to Darwin, Einstein, and Freud and Jung, and is intimately tied to the "literary" or non-scientific thought of the existentialists. Time is not experienced as an accumulation of regular, uniform, discontinuous units as in a scientific metric. It has duration, continuous flow and dynamic association. It presents the necessity of relating subjective associations to verifiable historical events.

Very few literary men, even now when time and the self are persistent concerns, have formulated their own thought on the subjects or even come to understand fully the professional thinkers. Meyerhoff makes no pretense that they have. He puts a general proposition and describes a milieu. Most characteristically, he thinks, serious writers have been drawn to the stream-of-consciousness novel because it is "a subtle and ingenious way of conveying a sense of continuity and unity of the self *despite* the increasing fragmentization of time and experience."

As Meyerhoff points out, literature does not overtly argue theory but depicts and explicates specifically and, as a rule, translates abstractions into particulars. His study is useful in that it explores, formulates and clarifies many of the relevant abstractions and without sustained analysis of particular novels casts welcome light on what must be acknowledged the most significant fiction of this century.

Also: *Hemingway and His Critics, an International Anthology,* Carlos Baker, editor (Hill and Wang, $1.95). *Writers in Crisis: The American Novel 1925-1940* by Maxwell Geismar (Hill and Wang, $1.75). *Don Quixote* by Salvador de Madariaga (Oxford, $1.50). *Novels of the 1840's* by Kathleen Tillotson (Oxford, $2.25). *The Eighteenth Century Background* by Basil Willey (Beacon, $1.75).

Fiction

The Penal Colony by Franz Kafka (Schocken, $1.95). Nearly all the stories Kafka himself published, powerfully symbolizing the modern predicament.

The Last Puritan by George Santayana (Scribner, $1.45). Brilliant critique of the New England character; sympathetic, philosophical, cultivated.

The New Men by C. P. Snow (Scribner, $1.45). The moral and political problems of the atom bomb; provocative but sometimes unconvincing.

A Fearful Joy by Joyce Cary (Anchor, $1.45). The casually acid tale of changes and recurrences which befall a spattered heroine from Victoria to George VI.

Also: *The Damnation of Theron Ware* by Harold Frederic (Rinehart Editions, $1.25). *The Best of Saki* (Viking, $1.25). *The Death of a Nobody* by Jules Romains (Signet, 50c). *The Gadfly* by E. L. Voynich (Pyramid, 50c). *A Canticle for Leibowitz* by Walter M. Miller, Jr. (Bantam, 50c). *World So Wide* by Sinclair Lewis (Pyramid, 35c). *The Farm* by Louis Bromfield (Signet, 75c). *Democracy* and *Esther* by Henry Adams (1 vol., Anchor, $1.45). *The Tender Shoot and Other Stories* by Colette (Signet, 50c).

Biography

Brecht: The Man and His Work by Martin Esslin (Anchor, $1.45). Emphasizes the paradoxes and moral dilemmas of an artistic humanist committed to Marxist dialectic.

Selected Letters of D. H. Lawrence, Diana Trilling, editor (Anchor, $1.45). The letters chronological, 1910-1930; the introduction too largely a tense chat about Frieda. See *The Trial of Lady Chatterley* (Penguin, 95c). Indecency at the Old Bailey in 1960.

Letters of Edna St. Vincent Millay, Allan Ross Macdougall, editor (Universal, $1.65). A full portrait through fifty years of well-edited personal and professional letters.

Michele Barbi's *Life of Dante,* Paul G. Ruggiers, translator (California, $1.25). Compact, authoritative, the best introduction to Dante's life, works and reputation.

Brahms: His Life and Work by Karl Geiringer (Anchor, $1.45). The admirable augmented edition of 1947.

Atoms in the Family: My Life with Enrico Fermi by Laura Fermi (Chicago, $1.65). A wife's engaging, informative account of a leader in the Manhattan District project.

Weather

Our American Weather by George H. T. Kimble (Indiana, $1.95). Month-by-month account of North American weather, informative and readable; good index, maps, tables, charts.

The Nature of Violent Storms by Louis J. Battan (Anchor, 95c). Basic technical explanation, by causes and phenomena, of thunderstorms, tornadoes, hurricanes and cyclones. Halftones and diagrams.

Our Atmosphere by Theo Loebsack (Mentor, 50c). A broader popular exposition on weather, constitution and functions of the atmosphere and man's use and pollution of the air. Well illustrated.

Miscellaneous

The Crucial Decade — and After: America, 1945-1960 by Eric F. Goldman (Vintage, $1.45). Perceptive, witty and rapid; new chapters cover Eisenhower's second term.

The Mauve Decade by Thomas Beer (Vintage, $1.10). A familiar, biting narrative sketch of the nineties, still unsurpassed for vitality.

The Great Rehearsal by Carl Van Doren (Viking, $1.75). An engrossing narrative of the determination and compromises which produced the American Constitution in 1787.

Tales of the Hasidim by Martin Buber (2 vols., Schocken, $1.65 each). Anecdotes grouped around fifty leaders illuminating the widely influential eighteenth-century movement of which Buber is the chief present exemplar.

Communist China and Asia, Challenge to American Policy by A. Doak Barnett (Vintage, $1.65). The problems rising from Red China's growing influence; comprehensive, well indexed.

The Red Executive: A Study of the Organization Man in Russia by David Granick (Anchor, $1.45). Able comparative examination of managers and some preconceptions about them.

The Character of the Executive by Perrin Striker (Harper, $1.60). A fruitful analysis, with recognized limitations, on the basis of traits.

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CRISIS ON BROADWAY

Harold Clurman

THE ONLY conclusion I can come to on reading the six reports which appeared in *The New York Times* between June 5th and June 8th on the Broadway crisis is: "No foundation all the way down the line." This applies not to the *Times's* journalistic efforts but to the thinking about the theatre—in the theatre—which the articles reflect.

To begin with, there is scarcely any agreement as to the facts. What are some of the matters which one might suppose to be beyond dispute? Attendance in the Broadway theatre has fallen from 12,300,000 in 1930-31 to 8,100,000 last season. The theatre's physical plant has diminished from sixty-six houses in 1931 to the present thirty-three. Forty-six new shows were produced last season, a record low, as compared to the more than two hundred produced in 1926-27. Hardly any of the better productions of non-musical plays were of American origin. Is there a crisis? One of the reporters summed up the reaction of the theatre people he questioned as "absolutely yes — definitely no."

One producer is quoted as having said, "I think Broadway is entering a renaissance. We are on the verge of a boom." (This producer has had an exceptionally profitable year: three musical hits and an English "prestige" play.) Another producer who has lost his backers considerable sums of money in the past but who made some last season with a two-person revue goes so far as to say that "the financial plight of the theatre is exaggerated."

THE crisis — acknowledged by the majority — was brought to public attention, not because so few plays were produced last season, but because so much money was lost. Hardly any non-musical play, except for *Mary! Mary!*, showed a real profit or even paid all its costs. It is now feared that the conduct of the "legitimate" theatre will soon become a wholly quixotic enterprise and ultimately altogether unfeasible.

The suggested remedies are, first, the elimination of federal and city entertainment taxes; second, adjustments by dramatists, stars, directors, scene-designers on royalties, and, third, the abrogation of certain onerous rulings by the stagehand and musician unions. So far only the Dramatists' Guild has agreed to any concession in the matter of royalty payments — *provided* stars, directors and others follow suit.

The federal and city taxes have not yet been reduced. On the other hand it is expected that tax privileges on expense accounts for entertainment will soon be rescinded — a severe blow to the sale of orchestra seats bought by so many businessmen whose theatre-going seems dependent on their expense accounts. What is also noteworthy is that the tax on theatre tickets is part of the *entertainment* tax, which places night clubs on a par with the theatre.

This points to the core of the trouble. Though Senator Javits, in an honorable attempt to aid the theatre through legislation, speaks of it as "a cultural expression," almost everyone else discusses it primarily as a business. For example, one of the arguments advanced in behalf of the community's taking an interest in the theatre's prosperity is that if the theatre were to disappear, other commerce — restaurants, parking lots, garages, taxis, ticket brokers — would also suffer!

There is no question that business organization must play a vital role in the conduct of all theatrical enterprise. But if the theatre is a business chiefly aimed at profit, then it follows that if a profit is not forthcoming it must and should disappear — unless like the railroads its continued life is held to be a matter of public interest and need.

Even the Broadway aphorism tells us that "show business is no business." One of the reasons for the thoroughgoing confusion and muddleheadedness of our theatre world is that willy-nilly the theatre is not *essentially* a business. Even the most hardened or money-minded showman has something of the gambler (that is to say, the artist) in him. We in America have forgotten this or were rarely obliged to remember it — as long as business in the theatre could go on as usual.

THE theatre as a private enterprise has existed for at least three hundred years. But almost every country in Europe has recognized that the theatre is part of a nation's patrimony and must therefore be subject to some sort of public control through government (royal, princely, civic or national) agency. Thus in France, Germany, the Scandinavian countries, and now even in England (not to mention most of the Iron Curtain countries even before they were converted to that metal) not only are partial government subsidies provided but regulations as to the number and use of playhouses have been set down. (Napoleon took time on his Russian expedition to rule that the Comédie Française must always keep low-priced — 5 franc — seats available for the poorer public.) Some part of the country's theatre establishment — and very often the best — was protected so that it might serve its true function as an expression of the nation's spirit, its emblem. The theatre is one of the means by which a society realizes itself.

In America, for historical reasons, the theatre has never been seriously viewed as integral with the respectability of our social life. It has been assimilated with our business community in which success (or profit) becomes the symbolic as well as the effective goal. In a normal economic situation this does not necessarily exert disastrous influence. But when the economic balance in the community is upset, our theatre — now ideologically as well as practically dependent on the profit or pure business motive—must be stricken with paralysis and threatened with extinction.

Talent for the theatre and an appetite for it are still abundant. And theatre folk being what they are, germinal ar-

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tists, the theatre goes on in our country in a schizophrenic state — half crazy from every point of view and less than half as proficient or useful as it might be.

LET us consider one minor point among the various statements in the *Times* reports by producers on matters of settings and stagehands. Some say that settings should be simplified — to reduce costs, and perhaps also because simplified sets are more "artistic." Others on the contrary are entirely satisfied with huge expenditures for "scenery" — when the productions they have spent the money on *prove profitable*. The question of artistic fitness in each instance is gauged by the measure of box-office success rather than by the style of scenic investiture demanded by the text. Certain plays which demand large-scale production — many sets and numerous actors — must virtually be ruled out as prohibitively costly, no matter what their intrinsic merit.

When profit becomes the chief criterion or proof of excellence, understanding of the theatre must become distorted. Business standards replace all others. The preferred actor is the one who will sell most tickets — if nowhere else, at theatre parties. The most important director is the one who has had the most recent hits. The best scene-designers are the ones whose work has graced the greatest number of smashes. This way of thinking makes sane judgment impossible, even *in matters of business*.

No wonder then that the dramatists, presumably the pivot of the theatre organism, are among the most frightened of all show folk. To write a flop is not only an economic blow; it is moral disgrace, a loss of status. Is it possible to write in such an atmosphere? Ah, but the "real" writer will never cease writing. Of course not: the question is what will he write?

Present circumstances — inevitable from the false premises on which the theatre has been obliged to operate — poison the whole theatre: the audience, the critics, the very air of the playhouses. The trauma thus created has made the past fifteen years the age of the middleman, or agent. They are the "victors," the lawgivers. There are now agents for everyone, including the audience. This is the end result of our "realism," "practicality" and non-artiness.

CERTAINLY I favor the reduction of taxes on the theatre. (I also favor special tax benefits, such as obtain in France, for accredited theatre folk and artists in general.) Whatever immediately practicable remedies to small specific ills can be achieved must win our unqualified endorsement. But I suspect that very little will get done through ordinary Broadway channels. The provision made by the Dramatists' Guild in regard to the curtailment of royalty payments will not be acceptable to most stars, and certainly not to their agents. The same holds true for most of the others — directors and scene-designers — and with a certain justification.

One agent very sensibly says, "I am willing to gamble, but it should be a concentrated effort by everyone. Are the theatre owners ready to make concessions? The unions? The producers? Is the producer willing to let other people participate proportionately for gambling with him?" The theatre is a collective (or corporate) art. It must be managed that way. It is perhaps the model type of organization for the industrial as differentiated from the craft union. But at present the theatre is being run as a business in which every man looks out for himself as good old-fashioned business dictates. That is why we are at the point of collapse.

YET in collapse may lie our only hope. Health may be restored through breakdown, as to a degree it was during the thirties. The theatre may have to be beaten into sanity. Reason (or art) may return to the theatre when "business" has done almost everything possible to kill it.

Already there are signs of this even in the very chaos which *The New York Times* series exposes. Our audiences — as developments off-Broadway to some extent indicate — are becoming ever more aware of values different from those which obtain on Broadway. Community theatres are growing on a more extensive scale than before. Such projects as the civic theatre in Minneapolis and the Lincoln Center in New York may be auguries of a salutary change.

Not everyone inside or outside the theatre today deems it peculiar to think or speak of the theatre in the terms I have so often employed in these pages. My "pessimism" is intended as a creative implement. Before the theatre changes there must be some "new" thinking. We will not go far, even "business-wise," if we confine ourselves to so-called practical assumptions that are incompatible with the nature of the material at hand. We must be persistent and dogged. Relief will not come overnight. In the meantime we must do the best we can. The first step may be to sharpen our theatrical *intelligence*.

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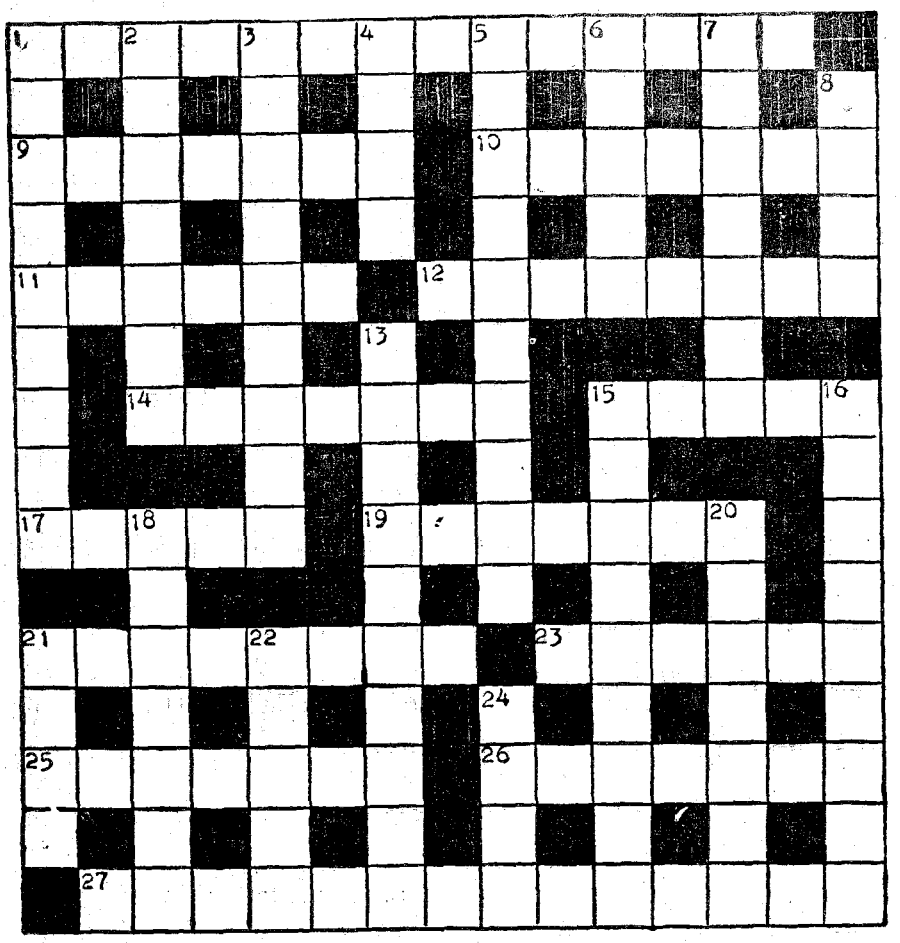
Crossword Puzzle No. 924

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A sea-faring Welsh robber? Ain't that sweet! (4-5, 5)
9 Obviously a wild goat, but could be hitched up to pull something. (7)
10 Stall around belief in the diamond, perhaps. (7)
11 Viola's ancestors might have been.
12 Any groom should be prepared for this study. (8)
14 Coming out with the wrong appellation applied to the worker? (7)
15 Change Walter's called-for meeting place, by the sound of it. (5)
17 After some hesitation, obtained a drug. (5)
19 Didn't hit the first letter canceled?
21 Supported by medicine that isn't paid for? (8)
23 Shakespeare's winter wind was not so. (6)
25 What of the thread? It's about time such things should be found in the den. (7)
26 In it I always forget the methods!
27 The way you sat to listen to something in the manner of "Showboat"?

DOWN:

1 A mathematical ratio takes a turn inside the grave. (9)
2 A big upswing in a couple of French articles is understandable. (7)
3 It's not "Old Ironsides" that the scout worked on. (9)
5 Assignment made with possibly your brother around for example.
6 Reminiscent of a struggle within the American Zionist movement?
7 The way you might have found it to detect the answer. (4, 3)
8 Is this light this light? (4)
13 Men met. (Anag.) Is this the shaky part of the business? (10)
15 Movement, perhaps, and a foreign nation in revolt. (9)
16 Have a drink for everyone before school takes up—that should imply no lack of harmony! (9)
18 Where a suspended sentence might be conclusive? (7)
20 Ye Gods! (7)
21 and 4 down Cover story for undernourished children? (8)
22 Too bad nothing comes up green, for example! (5)
24 Hark! (One has an inclination to do so.) (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 923

ACROSS: 1 Reconciled; 6 Clef; 10 Untwine; 11 Traipse; 12 Dais; 13 Vermicelli; 15 Nodding; 16 Sinking; 17 Triplet; 20 Eyelash; 22 Efficiency; 23 and 25 Ship of state; 26 Trypsin; 27 Node; 28 Balderdash. DOWN: 1 Rounding the Horn; 2 Catbird; 3 Nail; 4 Iceberg; 5 Entombs; 7 Lapilli; 8 Feeling the pinch; 9 Balconies; 14 Dialectal; 18 Infused; 19 Theresa; 20 Excited; 21 Aphasia; 24 Dyer.

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